[Some materials on relations with particular neighboring groups will be found in category 539, pp. 356-80.]

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lay beyond the Grand Canyon, both east of the Uinkaret Mountains and in the Kanab district. The intervening territory is so rugged and the Colorado so difficult to cross that intercourse was at a minimum. The Paiute did cross to the south side, however, in Walapai territory and to the east, where they moved up the Little Colorado. There were no permanent habitations in the vicinity of the Little Colorado (at least as far up as the falls). The Navaho and Hopi settlements are referred to as located at or near Oraibi and the Moenkopie Wash. Navaho and Hopi were encountered in this region, however, and occasionally Paiute, who, for instance, were found on the western side of the river in the vicinity of Coconino Basin about 1855.

There is some question as to how early the Navaho appeared west of the Hopi pueblos. A circumstantial account indicates that the Havasupai met them for the first time about 1804. They were encamped on the plateau above the Coconino Basin, and told of other camps on both sides of the Little Colorado, and from the Grand Canyon rim to the San Francisco peaks. They were not acquainted with each other's language; hence, intercourse was carried on by signs and in the Hopi tongue. The Navaho asserted that they were half of a group living far east of Oraibi and had fled to escape capture by the whites. On the other hand, one Navaho insisted that the Havasupai had raided his camp in the Moenkopie district. This incident coincides exactly with the recorded activities of Kit Carson. In 1863 he invaded the Navaho country in New Mexico, capturing some 6000, the greater part of the tribe, and moving them to the Bosque Redondo, where they were released in 1867.[1]

It is also evident that there was a considerable stretch of unoccupied territory along the present line of the Santa Fé Railroad. References to the Yavapai and Apache clearly indicate that their camps were well down on the headwaters of the Verde River and its tributaries. The notion has gained currency, however, that the Havasupai once lived about the San Francisco Mountains and along the adjacent sections of the Little Colorado—in fact, that they were found there by the railroad explorers of the last century. For example, Herndon observes that

> according to tradition, the Havasupai (or more properly a Pueblo clan or tribe that became incorporated with them) formerly built and occupied villages of a permanent character on the Colorado Chiquito east of the San Francisco mountains, where ruins were pointed out to Powell by a Havasupai chief as the former home of his people. As the result of war with tribes farther east, they abandoned these villages and took

[1] Handbook of American Indians, II, 61; Hamy, The Moquis, 84 et seq. In 1826 Pattie reached "the chief village of the Mohaques," four days journey up the San Juan River, this was "about 30 miles from the Rio del Norte." (Pattie, Personal Narrative, 136, 141.)

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Social and cultural relations with the Walapai are also very close. Members of each tribe commonly live with the other, intermarriages are frequent, and they share each other's viewpoint and antipathies to a very high degree. A few instances: Havasupai took part in the mourning for Walapai dead (p. 242); a Walapai shaman finds most of his practice with his mother's people, the Havasupai (p. 277); the latter accompanied the Walapai to war against the Paiute (p. 251); seven Walapai women live in Cataract Canyon and at least three Havasupai women among the Walapai. Garcés in 1776 testified to the same attitude. On the other hand, there are some antagonisms of which the Havasupai are conscious. The younger Walapai wives were pointed out to me at once as foreigners, although it was some time before I discovered that an equal number of older women were also Walapai. The Havasupai mock the others' gruffer mode of speech, and their eating lizards. They also came to blows over a race (p. 253).

An account of their separation from the Yavapai, wherein the latter are represented as driven from Cataract Canyon, is given in a tale. This is improbable; it is more likely that the Havasupai represent an offshoot of the Walapai which took up agriculture and then settled more permanently in the canyon.

The Havasupai call themselves *hanasteipa*, blue-green water people. By their account they are known to the Zuñi as *ki'nâna*,[1] and probably to other easterners by similar names.[2] They call the Walapai *halpáimpapi* or *pachtpaiá*; the Yavapai, *tinkhad* (enemy) or *apkwâpa*[3]; the Apache (Tonto and White Mountain?), *ahadájé*; the Navaho, *hana'dzená'a*; the Hopi, *mukú*; the Zuñi, *ai'u'á*; the Mohave (and Yuma?), *wamákwa*; the Paiute, *paiutia*; and, by my recollection, the Ute, *pâia* and the Pima, *patápi*.[4]

The Havasupai numbered 177 in 1919.[5] It does not seem likely that there were ever many more than 250, certainly not over 300. This is apparent from the earlier census reports and also from the limitation of the cultivable area. The present acreage probably could not be doubled. Garcés states that the population did not exceed thirty-four families in 1776.[6] In 1858 Egloffstein reported not more than 200[7]; in 1869 there were 300[8]; in 1881, Cushing found 235[9], and Coues, 214[10]:

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[1] Tom Keam, (q.v., 1918, gives Kinkabáwa or Kinkabáwa (silkwood people ?) as the Zuñi name.
[2] This might be ascertained on Apache, Navaho, and Zuñi, Hopi, or Yuma, but I was specifically told it does not mean black men.
[3] See p. 200 for the composition of population.
[4] Coues, 243.
[5] Ibid., 220.
[6] *Handbook of American Indians*, I, 228.
[7] *Third Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology*, 1884, XVIII.
[8] Coues, 243.

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the middle of June until September. When the harvest is abundant, invitations are sent to the neighboring Walapai, Navaho, and Hopi to join in the annual dance, a week of festivity. In the course of gambling and trading, another link is fixed in the trade route that runs from Oraibi and the Navaho settlements, through the Havasupai and Walapai, to the Mohave in the west.

The harvest in, mesquite and local seeds gathered, there is no further attraction in the canyon. In the middle of October the exodus to the plateau begins. By single families, or in groups of two and three, they go off to establish smug camps in the denser cedar thickets. These are semi-permanent, for they move from time to time as pinon nuts are reported growing thickly in one glade, wild seeds abundant in another locality, or hunting good near the mountains. When the snow falls, rabbits, deer, and antelopes are easier to track. During this season they live in part on corn which they have carried up from the canyon, and from time to time replenish from the granaries there. As spring comes they drift back, perhaps along the ledges of the Grand Canyon, to resume life in the village.

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A knotted cord or quipu (*dítsuddígá*) is used to add formality to an invitation to another tribe or in accepting an invitation from them. The cord, which is carried by the messenger, contains a knot for each sleep which will elapse before the meeting. One knot is cut off each night: the last one, which is by itself at the end of the cord, represents the meeting. Thus the Havasupai sent one, made by the reservation policeman, to the Navaho at large by a member of that tribe. This had seventeen knots and referred to a dance held in September, 1919. Two instances of quipus brought by Walapai were noted; both invitations of local chiefs to mourning ceremonies. On August 20, 1921 a Navaho, who was not a chief, gave one with ten knots to Supai Jack, a prominent man, with the information that the Navaho would arrive at the Havasupai village in the afternoon or evening of September fourth.

805
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There are not used as mnemonic devices, nor do they use notched sticks in this way.

A family may keep track of the return of a traveler by marking on a stone or post, erasing a mark for each sleep as it elapses.

211

Six directions are recognized: the four cardinal points, the zenith, and the nadir.

823

north	mátávigá
west	nyatáqwvi (sun's setting place)
south	háwívigá
east	nyádjá'dávé (sun's rising place)
zenith	amávigá or tsintávigá (middle of the sky)
nadir	matvilhá or ámtávigá (middle of the ground)

The place where the speaker is (ámótáta"waiyt'g, ground where I am), is not considered a direction. In naming the directions they are given in the order north, west, south, and east.[1] There is no color-direction association.

822
151

Color terms are as follows:—

hyágá or hyádj	black
hyaa'gá	brown
ávwó'tigá	red
gwaiaa'gá	pink
ágwá'fig	yellow
n,hmá'vá	white
vaaívá	blue-green
vahaagá (?)	blue
vahaatídvigá	green

[1] The Navaho order is east, south, west, north, zenith, and nadir (Franciscan Fathers, 55; Haughton, 64, 203); that of the Hopi north, west, south, and east (Parsons, (a), 53). That of the Pima is indefinite; a temporal pair is south, east, north, and west (Curtis, II, 72). The San Carlos Apache recital is like the Navaho, east, south, west, and north (Goddard, (b), 9.)

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The structure of these larger family groups is transparent; a group of sons reside in houses adjacent to their parents' home, together with the newly established families of the daughters of the house. They share a common livelihood: father and sons work their undivided fields with their wives' assistance; the new son-in-law works with his wife's father until he breaks off to return to his boyhood home. A common residence and livelihood makes for a common hearth, constant association, and the feeling that such relatives form one big family. Undoubtedly the shortage of native women has intensified the situation, but I doubt that it has created a new condition.[1] 592

Unattached relatives, widowers and widows (*tlatá*, also an infrequent word for spoiled, awry), are found in the households of their nearest blood relatives. Orphans (*Admdwtlatá*, boy; *mPtdlatá*, girl; terms not applied to half orphans) are raised by the relatives of either parent, preferably by a parent's sibling, without prejudice to the interests in the child of the relatives on the other side of the house. Thus, Edgar has lived for several years with Watahumilja, his maternal grandfather, at the same time receiving the gifts of his father's mother and brother. 592 736

There is also a tendency toward the formation of still larger groups. This first came to my notice at the dance in 1918, where it was apparent that those from the south end of the village were seated in one group, those from the north end in a second, and families from the central portion formed a third. The division was not absolute, but it was sufficiently marked to be noticeable. The reason for the grouping will appear in the sequel (227, 231), whence it seems that these divisions are the result of relationship and land inheritance, marriage among neighbors, and neighborly interest and cohesion. 621

Kinship

The individual is oriented among his tribesmen by his relationships. His family is for him a group of kinsmen; beyond them are more distant relatives and in the outer circle the unrelated members of the tribe. 602

To the question who are kinsmen the answer comes patly enough, blood relatives, but blood relatives are always a group defined by arbitrary limits. This must be particularly true of the Havasupai. Presumably the group never rose in numbers much over 250. I gather that during the last century and a half there were comparatively few intermarriages with foreign tribes, even with the Walapai. Under these conditions everyone must bear innumerable and comparatively close relationships 602 621 [648]

[1] I have shown elsewhere (*A Suggested Origin for Double Descent*) how a sub-system might easily arise from the Havasupai situation.

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It is also clear that within the kin group collateral lines are merged with the direct line of descent, relatives being equated in the parents' generation. Relatives more than three generations distant are designated by grandparent and grandchild terms. Finally there is little recognition of relatives by marriage. 601 602

I have failed after persistent inquiries to find any trace of special social relations or obligations between those in any two categories, other than the universal relation between parents and children and those between camp mates.[1]

Foreign Indians are sometimes adopted informally as *cilégid*, a man's older brother's son, or *djihéigd*, a man's male cross-cousin, in preference to other relationships. Children of relatives are adopted, but do not assume new relationships. There are no friendship adoptions as at Zuñi, and no ceremonies of adoption. 597 [649]

Marriage

Marriage was normally monogamous, although there were some polygamous unions. One may not marry a blood relative. Should a couple innocently marry and someone later discover that they are related by blood, they would feel ashamed. They would not separate, but people would always condemn their union. There is no notion that monsters spring from such marriages. So much for theory. Crook had lived with Callie for about a month when the old people said that they were related, so they separated. Both have since re-married. From the chart showing the inheritance of chieftainship (p. 242) it appears that Crook's father and Callie's paternal grandmother are cross-cousins. They may be more closely connected through their mothers. My informants were aware that blood relationships are forgotten after a very few generations, and that most, if not all intratribal marriages ignored some remote and unknown degree of relationship. By checking over the agency census with Jess I find that the females, including children, he could not marry were invariably blood relatives, numbering forty-two. Mark said he could not marry thirty-eight women, four of whom were not related to him in any way and five where the recognized bond was one of affinity. For example, he said he could not marry Nina, his younger brother's wife. It turned out, however, that he would not marry one of these women, another was "too fat," and so on. I found no other hint of 588 [590] [588] [684]

[1] Specifically, there is no special relation with the maternal grandfather, as implied, e.g., in some Plateau-Yuman tales. Incidentally it may be noted that in cases of matrilocal residence the maternal grandfather of the children born to a couple is the head of the family group. [592]

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but he would not attempt to kill him. He would kill the man's horses. 586
Anybody might interfere to put a stop to this. Another informant said 684]
that the guilty woman would be beaten and divorced: her husband would keep their children.

Divorce for barrenness had never been heard of. If a wife proved barren (*ptě'ĭgtěěntdĕj*, barren women) the husband would take a [595]
second wife in order to have children. A quarrelsome wife, one who pulls her husband's hair, bites, scratches or pinches him, destroys his property, etc., would be turned out.

If a man maltreated his wife, beat and stunned her, her relatives 595
would interfere, admonishing him to treat her well. She might retaliate 684
by throwing away the food she cooked, or in an extreme case by running away to her parents or to another man. If a girl returns to her parents without cause, her mother would send her back. A Havasupai woman married to such a Walapai runs away every year with a different man, though the Indian police bring her back to her husband. The Havasupai consider her justified; their head chief, taking over the function of the agent, recently married her to another Walapai. However, it is generally recognized that she is a light character.

Marriages were not often contracted with foreigners. The situation 582
today represents the condition fairly well: there are six Walapai women 648
and one Yavapai married to Havasupai, while a few natives are wives of Walapai. Walapai women are considered the marital equivalents of native women; a view undoubtedly induced by a unity of culture, speech, blood, and by friendship. I was told that Hopi women were never married, but Cushing saw one there in 1881.[1] Occasionally Paiute and Navaho women were married.[2] Other tribes were too distant to furnish wives. Havasupai men did not steal girls from other tribes because it was too dangerous. I doubt that Yavapai women were married in the old days, because they were the chief enemies.

Walapai and Navaho girls were married when they accompanied [459]
their families down into Cataract Canyon to trade at harvest time. [586]
Such women sometimes stayed only a short time and then went home. In such marriages a Havasupai man did not live and work with his wife's parents. Alliances of this type might be casually formed, as in the [837]
following instance of a lost Navaho woman told by Sinyella. Illicit relations with Walapai, Navaho, Hopi, and Paiute were common.

When I was so big [about fifteen years old] we were camped just a little above Lee Canyon: many Havasupai were camped up there. Six or seven men, my father,

[1] p. 441.
[2] Walapai and Paiute are said to intermarry.

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582 Smiley, Jess' paternal grandfather, Watahomidja's father-in-law and Arthur's father, 648 wanted to go hunting. I went along with them up the Moki trail. We went on and on until we were near ȟdegiiźtȟiźja (Dripping Springs, near Grand Canyon Station). That night we had a little snowstorm. Next morning there was snow on the ground when we went out to hunt. We found tracks where someone had been walking along in the snow; we followed the tracks, and after a little way found the person. It was a Navaho woman. Our people talked to the woman in the Navaho language; "Are you all alone, or are there other Navaho camping near from whom you have strayed?" The Navaho woman said, "I am just by myself: no Navaho are camped near here. I just came by myself from a long way back there. I come from northeast of San Francisco Mountain." There were more Navaho over there with whom this woman had been living. They had told her that her relatives were living along the rim near Grand Canyon Station and Dripping Springs. "I wanted to see them; that is why I came to look around," she said. "I looked around here but I have seen no one as yet, only you people who found me."

We took the woman over to where we were encamped and told her, "Do not be afraid of us and do not go away. Stay with us. While we are hunting about stay at the camp and do some cooking, such as boiling deer meat; get it ready, so that when we get back home we can eat it." She was pretty good at cooking and boiling deer meat and she remained there as she was bidden. When we found her she had no matches or firedrill. We saw that she had taken cedarbark and rubbed it soft, and rolled it into a long thin roll, about two meters long, binding it with soapweeds. She rolled this slow match up and set fire to one end of it, carrying a little fire that way.

The Havasupai asked, "Where is your camp? Show us where that place is." She said, "All right," and she went ahead with the Havasupai following. She went to the edge of the canyon directly above Dripping Springs, and we saw where she had built a nice little house. She had nothing there; no bed or anything at all. We asked her, "What things have you been eating?" She said, "I have no provisions to eat at all." At that time there was snow on the ground and when she saw rabbit tracks, she tracked them. When a rabbit went into a hollow log, she thrust a long thin stick, pointed and barbed, which she carried, into the log and twisting it into the rabbit's fur, pulled it out. Then she roasted it. "That is what I did in order to eat," she said.

The Navaho woman showed us where she had camped and then we went back to our camp. Next morning we went out to hunt and caught two more deer. The following morning we started home. My father said, "I am the man who is going to have that Navaho girl. I will lend her my horse to ride." Everything was packed on that horse, and the girl rode it. We put no bridle on the horse; we just tied a long rope around his neck, so that my father, now dead, could lead it, and we started home. That is how we led it along and brought her down home.

After we brought her home up there in the canyon, where there were a lot of men and women, everyone gathered to look at her. We said, "We found a Navaho girl, who was lost in the woods." Everyone looked at the girl and was friendly to her. That girl was afraid of our people and she cried, so we said to her, "Do not cry; they will all be good to you and will treat you well. They will give you plenty to eat." My father took this girl for his wife, and kept her for a pretty long time, I do not know how many, maybe five years. She had no children and then she just ran away.

582 586 648 Some Hopi men came down here and they told her the road by which they had come. The Hopi told her they wanted her to go back to her home. "You go on

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ahead; after you have gone two or three nights, we will leave. Perhaps we can catch up with you on the way," they said. She had been gone for a day and a night, when my father looked around but could not find where she had gone. Then my father thought, "Perhaps she has gone back home. I will follow her tracks. We want her." My father told Panamida's father, and the two of them went off. They knew where to go, so they rode on fast. They found her tracks just beyond Red Butte. They saw tracks where the girl had gone ahead. The Hopi, going home, had come behind her. They followed along until they reached Oraibi. There my father said, "I have a Navaho girl who is my wife. She ran away and came with the Hopi men." So they talked to the Hopi. One of the Hopi who had come down here had already married that Navaho girl and she had gone back with him. That girl's Hopi husband would not give the girl back to my father. He said, "No." My father said, "You must give me something; then you can have her." So the Navaho girl's husband gave him a good-sized blanket, and so my father let her go.

There are few formal regulations for relatives by marriage. There is no taboo between a wife and her parents-in-law. A man might talk freely to his wife's parents, even on obscene topics. Neither husband nor wife address their spouse's parents or grandparents by name. The woman has no relationship term to apply to them, though she may use their names by way of reference. Jim's wife Lina, when speaking to him will say *mamádjídjia*, your mother, *mamádjitatha*, your father, or *huwadpitum*, your parents (*huwadpá*, two). A man uses *gíngígi* in referring to his wife's parents, but not when speaking to them. Reciprocally neither a man nor a woman uses the names of their son-in-law and daughter-in-law (and their families?). They use *wíngígi* for the son's wife, usually in indirect reference only, but they may also address her by that term. Both use *gíngígi* for their son-in-law at all times. I cannot find anything corresponding to joking-relationships.

A record of sixty-seven marriages is appended in full. This includes all living Havasupai, with a few exceptions, but it does not cover every marriage they contracted. Nevertheless, it is reasonably adequate. Forty-five of the fifty-two marriages where the information is precise, were initiated by temporary matriloeal residence. The number is probably slightly greater than the facts warrant, for I suspect Sinyella, who furnished the data, of systematizing. The remaining seven marriages are nearly all with widows. A complication that could not be eliminated is due to the temporary matriloeal residence of new couples when on the plateau during the winter, with patriloeal residence on their return to the canyon. An unexpected feature is the marriage of neighbors: this in spite of the fact that neighbors are usually paternal relatives, their common seat of residence being the land inherited by the men from their fathers. Possibly twenty or twenty-five marriages are of this type: a

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Since the little that is transmitted is acquired by the sex to which it is pertinent, there is little inheritance of a husband's or wife's goods by the survivor. 428

A dying shaman might choose a successor to whom he transmits his spirit and paraphernalia. Bob told people that when his grandfather was about to die, the latter instructed him and gave him his spirit. Bob died at odds with life; he wanted his spirit to leave him and he gave instructions that his rattles and medicines (?) be broken and buried with him rather than give them to his relatives. Chief's status is inherited, normally in the male line. There are some indications, as given in the next section, that chieftainship is not an office to be filled by a single incumbent, but transmissible and divisible property. 956 424 428 622 424 428

Chieftainship

There are six chiefs today, one of whom occupies a superior status and is recognized by the agent as the head chief; the others are equally leaders. These men have become chiefs through inheritance, through prestige and renown, or both. Women are never chiefs. Chieftainship is emphatically not a position; it is the embodiment of certain somewhat vague functions. 624 [649]

The Havasupai are accustomed to speak of "big chiefs" and "little chiefs," but I cannot find that there are different words in their language expressing these ideas, or that there is any difference in function. Manakadja, who succeeded his uncle Captain Navajo to the head chieftainship established since reservation days, is called "big chief." But it is clear from the accounts that follow that all that is meant is an especially important chief, the most prominent individual in the tribe. Like the little chiefs, Manakadja is called *gámálsel* or *kuhá'l*,[1] but he is also known as *kanátdsé*, superlatively good.[2] Little chiefs are also (collectively?) called *málseglélgélá*. Jess differentiated between them by *málsélk'élgá* and *pagámálsélkanétéha*, literally, little chief and big-chief-man.

Chieftainship is defined only by its functions, which consist largely of giving advice and admonitions. This is so largely true that it might be said not that a chief is one who talks, but that one who talks is a chief. Chiefs tell their people how to act, especially the young men and women. The former are admonished to work, farm, hunt, and make clothing and moccasins; the latter to gather seeds, cook, plant, and make baskets. 183 624

[1] Compare the Mohave *kuhate* for the dance leader. The Havasupai are not familiar with the word and were inclined to believe that it was a Hopi word for chief, *kwáhóí*.

[2] The Cocopa headman is also called good-man (information from H. H. Lowie). The Yuma head chief is *kun-ak-lual* (Tripper, 1916). [171]

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It is not quite clear what is inherited; on the whole it seems to be the right to be styled chief, provided one shows signs of leadership. Yet Manakadja said that when Captain Navajo died his property was divided between himself, Captain Jim, and their half-brothers; at the same time he became the head chief and Captain Jim became a little chief. He spoke of the chieftainship as if it were property. It is significant that none of the three half-brothers (sons of the same father) are chiefs: at the same time it is recognized that all three are mentally subnormal. Sinyella's account of this situation, given below, is somewhat different. Chieftainship is usually inherited in the male line, but there is more than one instance where the connecting relative was a woman. 624 554 428

Men do not suddenly become chiefs, Manakadja being an exception, but people gradually come to call them so, as they develop prominence. They emphatically do not acquire official positions. 554 624

In speculative works on the development of government so much is made of the dominating character and prowess of chiefs that a few words defining that of the six Havasupai chiefs may not be amiss. Manakadja, the head chief, is a man of seventy, dignified, reserved, somewhat simple, and with a quiet humor; a man who spends much time in a sedentary way at home, is usually "on show," but far from pompous. He is an indifferent talker. His brother Captain Jim, slightly younger, is energetic, active as an organiser of the younger men, particularly in relations with the Walapai and Navaho, who usually send dance invitations, etc., intended for the tribe to him.. He is not a fluent talker but commands respect. Watahomidja, a man of about the same age, is quiet, reserved, not especially dignified, and is the center of the conservative element. He is a fluent talker, but not emphatic, and, I suspect, somewhat cynical. Panamida is a little younger; he is phlegmatic, not especially dignified, fond of horse-racing and encourages the boys in that sport. Big Jim, fifty-nine, is energetic, aggressive, busy, a fluent and effective speech-maker, making free use of rapid and graphic gestures, and a potent influence in council. Sinyella, aged seventy-one, is quiet, kindly, far more industrious than the average, shrewd, observant, and active in directing the dances. Like Manakadja he is a poor talker. Jess gave the consensus of opinion on the order of the best speechmakers as Big Jim, Watahomidja, and Captain Jim, which agrees with my own observations. I cannot believe that these men are the most powerful personalities, as theory would have it, for there are others of the same age and character who have not the good fortune to be called chiefs. Furthermore, there is another outlet for the exceptional individual, namely, shamanism. In fact, I 554 752

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think that the two living shamans are far more aggressive and forceful personalities than any chief save Big Jim.

The following paragraphs give Sinyella's statements of how these men became chiefs. Remarks concerning Manakadja and Captain Jim are somewhat distorted by his jealousy.

[115] Panamida's father, Wanákwtvámi was a man without fear; he traveled to Oraibi and the Walapai when enemies were about, so they called him little chief. He was called big chief [in the first half of the last century] after having pulled three enemies from the cliff (see the account of the raid, pp. 237). Sinyella's paternal grandfather was big chief at the time of this raid: they called Wanákwtvámi big chief also. (See p. 278 for an account of the peace he negotiated with the Yavapai and Apache.) When Wanákwtvámi died, Captain Navajo became the leading chief. Wanákwtvámi's father was not a chief. His three sons, Tuyadjívi (corn thief), Supai Charlie, and Panamida were chiefs.

I never heard that Captain Navajo's father was a chief. Navajo was not a chief until after he was married; he was about thirty-five to forty years old then.

Before he married, Navajo heard about a lot of Walapai girls, and he said he wanted to go marry one. So he stayed with the Walapai for a long time until he married. He stayed a little longer and then said, "I want to go to the Mohave country," but the Walapai said, "We do not want you to go. Those Mohave men are wicked; they are our enemies. You will be killed down there." But he said, "I am sure I want to go." One Walapai said, "I will go with him." So they walked to the Mohave. Navajo had only one big blanket with him. He said to the Mohave, "I brought this blanket to trade for a horse." A Mohave said, "All right; that is pretty good. I will trade a horse with you." So they gave him a young horse. A big chief of the Mohave said, "Our men want to kill both of you: that is what I hear them say. I want both of you to go back right away. I do not want you to be killed here; I am a good friend to you." So both men mounted the horse and rode back at once, hiding along the way. When they were a little east of Kingman [in the western Walapai country] the horse gave out. They left it there and walked home to the other Walapai. The Walapai people said to him, "You are a pretty big, good man; you are not afraid of the enemy. You go right into the enemy's house to trade. Our people do not do that; you are the first one to go there. We say you are a great big man like a big chief; we call you chief." That is how he first came to be called chief. Navajo stayed with the Walapai for several days. Then he went after the horse and brought him back. When the horse was rested, he came home; he did not bring his wife.

When our corn was ripe in the early fall, the Walapai came down here [about 1826] for some corn and other food they liked to eat. One of the Walapai men, Smiley's father, was a shaman. The Havasupai did not give this man anything, so he felt angry and thought what he would do to make the Havasupai children sick. All the children defecated blood. Another shaman, when he cured the children, said, "That man causes the sickness you have." A good many children died of it, but no adults. That Walapai shaman heard what they said and was afraid. So he fled about sunset to a little canyon above the village and camped there. Navajo, his father, his brother, and sister's husband all said, "We want to kill that Walapai shaman. He made the sickness of which the children died. We feel pretty angry." When it was nearly

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daylight they set out. They found him camping a little way up that canyon. They 159
seized him, split him down the breast and belly with a hatchet, and broke back the 624
ribs. Then they threw the corpse aside and came back.[1] Navajo had talked very 648
emphatically, saying what he wanted done, and they did what he said. So the people 754
said to him, "You are a big chief." 682

Navajo's mother was made sick by another Walapai shaman down here in the village. He sent his spirit to her: she died. That Walapai shaman became afraid of Navajo and fled. Navajo heard that the shaman had been gone only a little while, when he set out to kill him. The shaman with his wife and father had climbed halfway up on the white cliff on the west side of the canyon, when they looked down to the canyon bed and saw Navajo coming. Navajo followed them up the white cliff. The shaman and his father was nearly to the top when he told his father to go along the face of the cliff to hide. The shaman and his wife then fled across the plateau. When they were a little way from the rim, the shaman sent his wife ahead along the road. She went along by herself. The shaman said, "I will go down into Mätä'wisi canyon [the next one west of Cataract] and climb up on its west wall. I will meet you at a certain place beyond there." And he went across that canyon. When Navajo was halfway up the white cliff, he saw the old man above him walking along a ledge near the top. Navajo climbed up and went back a little way from the rim, but could find no one's tracks. He stopped there and turned back in the direction the old man had taken; he thought he would kill him. He ran to the rim and walked along the ledge toward the old man. When he met him, the old man said he did not want to be killed. He called Navajo his relative, "Hätja, hätja,[2] I do not want you to kill me. I am a pretty old man; I will not live much longer." Navajo did not listen to him; he had a long sharp knife with which he stabbed him all over. Navajo was a pretty bad man. Those two Walapai shamans did wrong to kill our children and women. Navajo killed two men for it, and the Havasupai said, "You are a big chief now."

Not very long after this, a Paiute man came down that same trail. Navajo asked him where that Walapai shaman was camping. The Paiute said he did not want to tell him; he had not seen the camp. They asked him repeatedly, but he would not tell. Finally, after they had given him many presents, he said, "Yes, I know where his camp is. That is where I come from; he camped with us." The Havasupai gave him corn and many other things. When the Paiute went away, Navajo and three other men went with him. When they climbed to the plateau, Captain Navajo said, "I do not feel strong enough to walk along with you: I think I will go back" and he sent the three others with the Paiute. They went on, reaching the camp when it was a little dark. The Paiute man said, "Hide in the woods while I go to the house." He said, "After I have gone to the house and everyone is asleep, I will come back and show you where his camp is. Then you can kill him." So they waited until midnight, when the Paiute man came out and told them. He led them quietly and showed them the man's house. The Walapai shaman was lying close to a little fire. One went in and shot him through the head, killing him. Then the three returned at once and told Captain Navajo, "Yes, we killed the shaman." Navajo said, "All right, that is what I wanted." Everything Captain Navajo said, the people did. They killed that man; 624
then they made him the big chief. Wanäkwiwämä, who was big chief, was still alive 159
at the time Navajo killed these men. So these two men were both big chiefs at the

[1] This is identical with a mythical incident.
[2] For ne'hätjat, a man's elder brother's son.

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159 624 same time. Wanikwivimá lived for a long time after this. I was a lad at the time [about 1860–65].

Captain Navajo took quite a few men with him to Oraibi. The night they got there, while they slept in a Hopi house, some Navajo raided and took away all their horses. The other Havasupai stayed in the Hopi house, but Captain Navajo and a Hopi friend, who gave him a horse to ride, followed the horse tracks. They went on toward the east until when it was nearly sunset they reached the top of a high mesa. They looked down into the bottom land, where they saw a lot of Navaho houses, with a great many horses nearby. They waited on top of the hill until it was a little dark; then they descended the trail toward the houses. The Hopi man said, "The Navaho do not turn their horses loose. They keep them close to the houses at all times. They keep their saddle horses tied to the house and continually ride out to watch the herd. I think that they will see us, and perhaps they will kill us. I think I am afraid to go down there with you. I will stay here, while you go alone and try to cut some out of the herd. I will wait here." So Captain Navajo went down alone. He went near, tied the horse he was riding, and walked close to the houses to look at the horses. He walked among the houses, where a few horses were tied to each one, until he came to a house where the greatest number was. A few were hobbled; he took the hobbles off, and walked away, driving the herd slowly before him. He got back to where he had tied his horse, and then drove them fast up the trail. Just as he got to the top of the mesa, he heard the Navaho shouting below. Then he whipped his horse and came back as fast as he could. The Hopi man had already gone. "Perhaps he was afraid," Captain Navajo said. When Captain Navajo was halfway back two colts began to sicker; they kept this up, so he shot both with his arrows. He brought the horses into Oraibi just as the sun was rising. The Hopi said they were glad. The other Havasupai had all gone home while he was away; some walked, others brought horses to ride. The Hopi said, "Hurry and eat, and then go right along." While he was eating, they prepared provisions for him to carry. The Hopi said, "Maybe the Navaho are following you and are nearly here. You had better hurry." One of the Hopi men helped him drive the horses. They drove them fast down from Oraibi mesa and on along the road. After they had gone only a little way from Oraibi, the Navaho came into the pueblo. The Hopi said to them, "He brought the horses in before dawn; he ate a little and then left before it was daylight. He has been gone a pretty long time. We think he is now on the other side of the Little Colorado River." The Navaho said they wanted to follow at once. But the Hopi said, "When he went over and took your horses, the other Havasupai who were here had half their herd left and they went back. Perhaps if you follow him you will run into them and they will kill you." Thus they lied to the Navaho. The Hopi wanted to hold the Navaho at Oraibi. So the Navaho turned back. The two men drove the horses along as fast as they could. When the horses they were riding began to slow up, they changed to other horses; they did this all the way. They followed the tracks of the other Havasupai who had gone before. They crossed the Little Colorado just above the present bridge and when they were a little way beyond on this side, at Hátay dtovak,ǫ́vi (black water precipice), they caught up with the others. Everyone felt glad. Captain Navajo did this by himself; he went alone to the Navaho camps and stole horses, so the Havasupai called him a big chief. All the other tribes around heard about him and when they saw him, called him big chief too. He was a big chief all his life long and died [about 1900] when he was an old man.

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The Walapai knew Captain Navajo as chief very well. After his death, the Walapai big chief thought who would be big chief here: "I think that old man Captain Dave would be pretty good, but he is a very old man and could not be chief long." Next he thought of me [Sinyella] and of Supai Charley [Wanikwivâmâ's oldest living son], but he thought Manakadja, who is related to Navajo, would be better. "He is not old; I think he would be pretty good; I think he can take Navajo's place." We had no chief, so we took Manakadja in his place at once. Manakadja had never done anything notable but we accepted him. They called him just a little chief [?—I think he means that Manakadja would only be a little chief if the agent did not recognize him as head chief]. The Walapai big chief and Captain Navajo were fast friends; that is why he interfered. The Havasupai owed no allegiance to him.

Captain Jim was [probably] not a chief before Navajo's death. He always went to the Walapai death ceremonies, where he would make speeches after the Walapai chief. So the Walapai call him a little chief. Our people do not call him chief. [This is not true.] Perhaps if Manakadja or Captain Jim died, one of their half-brothers would take his place.

My father's paternal grandfather was a big chief, a very big chief. He had two wives, each bore him two boys. The oldest brother was told, when he was a young man, that he would have his father's place. He was big chief a short time when the enemy killed him. The oldest boy by the other wife was told to be big chief; after a very short time the Yavapai killed him too. This man's younger brother was made big chief; he was killed by the Paiute after a short time. The last one was made big chief when he had grown to manhood. They said, "We want you to take your brothers' place and be big chief." This one was my paternal grandfather. He had two sons; the younger died. The older was my father. When my grandfather was killed, people said that his big chieftainship was gone. So they did not call my father chief. After my father died, I traveled everywhere so that the Walapai, Oraibi Hopi, and the Navaho came to know me well and they called me little chief. I did not want to be big chief.

Dean [Sinyella's second son] said to me, "You are descended from the big chief, but you are not big chief. Pretty soon you will die; then I will be big chief." Lemman [the oldest son] will be little chief in my place, but Dean wants to be big chief. He said, "That big chief down there [Manakadja] don't go about. When I am big chief, I will ride around all the time and talk, talk, talk." I said to Dean, "I will die soon and then you will be big chief." Watahomidja will be a big chief too some time.

Watahomidja is a little chief; his father was not. But he inherits the chieftainship from his maternal grandfather who was also little chief by inheritance from Pa'hîga'mi't. Watahomidja is a good man, and old enough. He tells the people what to do, and they do it, for his advice is good. Soon they will call him big chief, because he is related to Pa'hîga'mi't. I hear him; he talks well.

Big Jim's father was not a chief, but his older brother was a little chief. Big Jim took his place when he died. The Walapai, Hopi, Navaho, and Yavapai all know him: he is a good friend of theirs, so they call him little chief. [Jess added that if Big Jim died they might call Little Jim, his half-brother by the same father, chief in his place.]

The principle involved in these cases is clearly that a man is recognized as a leader because of a combination of distinguishing characteristics, bravery, enterprise, and shrewdness. There is a tendency to transmit

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the social position he makes for himself by inheritance, but the heir must have demonstrated his own ability before others will recognize that he has inherited the status. 428 554 624

There are no formal councils: most matters of importance are discussed by the groups lying about the sweatlodges waiting an opportunity to enter. 623 Occasionally, somewhat more formal meetings are held. On August 11, 1918 two Walapai, Doctor Tommy, a shaman, and Waglaga, both elderly men, arrived. The following morning word was circulated that there would be a meeting at Captain Jim's camp. About forty adult men seated themselves in a rough semicircle, partly along a convenient bank, with the two Walapai at one end. Manakadja sat opposite the group at the center of the arc. Waglaga spoke first, then Bob, a Havasupai shaman, Doctor Tommy, Big Jim, Captain Jim, Watahomidja, and Manakadja. Neither Sinyella nor Panamida, the other two chiefs, were present. The Walapai brought an invitation to 623 attend a mourning ceremony to be given in memory of a Walapai chief, 648 who before he died the year previous had asked that his friends, the Havasupai, be invited. They asked who was going to the meeting. Bob replied for himself that he had just recovered from illness and was too weak to go. Big Jim, Captain Jim, and Watahomidja repeated the Walapai message and asked who was going. Manakadja also repeated it and announced that he did not intend to go. The delivery of the Walapai was almost a chant, continued as long as the breath held out. Roger, a young man, hard of hearing, seated before them, repeated their concluding words, until the speaker, taking another breath, proceeded, first repeating his own last words. Thus, Waglaga, "Something is not good"; Roger, "Not good"; Waglaga, beginning again, "Not good, but so and so . . . " Sometimes Roger would add a phrase to carry the sense forward, as "Someone is not willing"; Roger, "Not willing, but so and so is . . . "; Waglaga, "Not willing, but so and so is, and therefore . . . " Some of Roger's additions were evidently semi-humorous as they provoked laughter. The speeches of the Havasupai were more declamatory: they had no such aids.[1] At the end of every man's speech there was a chorus of approval; *Adnigá*, good. The Walapai brought and 623 passed about a quipu, a woolen cord six inches long, with seven knots 648 representing the seven days until the ceremony, viz., they would start 805 in three days, take two days on the trip, and the next day (August 18) 211 the meeting would begin. The knotted cord was handed about and explained privately at the end of the speech making

[1] These speeches were not recorded. the

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623 plained privately at the end of the speech making. Ultimately about fifty men and women went to the Walapai ceremony.

●648 The repeater, Roger in this case, is invariable when strangers speak formally. Anyone who wishes may perform the function.

Garcés observed the same type of formal meeting among the Walapai

171 in 1776.

623 On the following day there were arriving bands now of six, now of eight men, he who came at the head of each one of them making his harangue in my presence, and the Jaguallapai captain who was accompanying me responding to them in my behalf. This address of welcome is a custom among them; and at its conclusion each (speaker) turns to his band, asking them if he has spoken well and if that which he has set forth to them has suited them. I observed on this occasion that all of those of the band unanimously responded alike to their respective captains that it was good.[1]

Trade

439 An active trade was conducted with the Navaho and Hopi to the east and with the Walapai and Mohave to the west. In fact, we may properly speak of a northern Arizona trade route from the Hopi to Mohave, independent of more southerly tribes and cut off from those to the north by the Grand Canyon.

[281] The Havasupai are noted for their buckskin among other tribes, according to Cushing,[2] but it must be added that they have no special process of tanning. Their trade with the Walapai was in eastern woven stuffs exchanged principally for raw deer hides, or sometimes tanned skins, and such far western articles as abalone or haliotis shell and the ears of dwarf corn obtained from the Mohave. The skins were tanned at home and carried to the Navaho, Hopi (chiefly at Oraibi), and the few Zuñi met in the Hopi pueblos. Loom products, blankets, sashes, etc., were mostly desired of the Hopi; silverwork, Hopi pottery for storage vessels, stone and shell beads, and buffalo (*amθiŋ*) skins were also obtained. In return they furnished tanned deer, antelope, and mountain sheep skins, shirts and leggings of the same, mescal, piñon nuts, some baskets, and horn ladles which the Hopi flattened and bored for spindle whorls. The Hopi also desired ears of seed corn as long as the forearm from elbow to fingertips. Paiute were also met on the Little Colorado and among the Walapai, but occasionally visited at home. Garcés furnishes interesting evidence of the extent of this trading at the end of the eighteenth century. He found Hopi shirts and Spanish articles from the same source, among the Walapai, where there was a Hopi couple returning home by

[1] Coues, 325–326. Garcés is somewhere between Truxton Canyon and Peach Springs, that is, in Walapai territory. He calls the people Yabipais, but he uses that word for any Yuman-speaking people east of the Mohave.

[2] Cushing, (a), 553.

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439 The rate paid by the Navaho is probably abnormally high as their demand for foodstuffs exceeded their ability as refugees to pay.

Trade was not solely in the hands of the Havasupai. The abundant harvest and the attendant dances in the canyon provided a strong incentive for visiting and trading, especially to the Navaho and Walapai. The Walapai also traded directly with the Hopi of Oraibi. Journeys to the Walapai for visits, dancing, and trading, were frequent. On the whole, trading was incidental to other pursuits, and, considering the relatively small amount that changed hands, was little more than an exchange of presents and the profits of gambling.

177 439 648 554 Trade visits, etc., provide an effective mechanism for culture exchange. But more particularly participation in intertribal relations and the acquisition of knowledge of the foreigner's ways reacts to a man's credit. It is clear that a man's prominence is enhanced in this way, and may even become the basis for recognition as a chief.

202 Columns of smoke are raised from time to time by traveling parties to attract attention or to signal friendly intentions. This is evidently customary among all the tribes of this region (see pp. 371, 379).

[439] 648 The following account indicates the type of casual visit for the purpose of trade. It is clear, however, that gain is not the chief interest.

484 722 When I [Sinyella] was four feet high the Yavapai liked to come to this place to fight; they killed so many every time. My relatives were afraid on this account and they wanted to go to stay at Oraibi where there were many men. So we went and there I played with the Hopi boys and learned the Hopi language.

224 484 648 This was the very first time I made a trip to Oraibi. We started from the village to go up by Tovök,óvá [the dry bed of a waterfall, Lee Canyon] and camped in a little cave nearly at the plateau. There were a good many people with us. They said among themselves, "We would like to go out and hunt for mountain sheep. If we kill some we will eat them," and others agreed. In the morning all the men went hunting on the plateau to the west. When the sun was halfway down in the sky we heard someone holler from the hilltop in that direction. They shouted, "One man has fallen down the white cliff and has been killed." Then all the hunters came home and told us. "They found a flock of mountain sheep. There were several rams with them. One of the men shot a very big one with an arrow, and the other sheep, the big ones, ran off. The wounded ram jumped part way down the white cliff, and ran along a very narrow ledge. Two men jumped down from rock to rock and along the ledge, following him. The ram stopped at the abrupt end of the ledge. My father and Jess' grandfather followed the ledge. The ram turned toward the men and ran fast at them: he held his head down sideways. My father stood right against the wall; the other stood right on the edge. There was not room enough; it was very narrow there. The ram butted Jess' grandfather off the cliff to the bottom. The ram stood right there, until all the others came and killed it, and then it too fell down the cliff at the same place. So we all came down the Tovök,óvá trail and went around into the canyon where we found the man at the bottom of the cliff. We carried the body away, dug a

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hole, and buried him.[1] Then we all went back to the camp and the next morning we went on. 484 648

At that time we did not have many horses to ride; perhaps our family had only one. We just kept walking along. I do not remember exactly where we camped. I know we camped above Dripping Springs [west of Grand Canyon Station], where we stayed two nights. Then we set off again and got to Long Jim Canyon [east of the station], where there are big caves in which we camped one night. Next day we got to Hagáʔuvád'ĭ [Hance's Ranch, east of Grand View] and the next day we camped at I'ĭ'mà'hwa'áhá [Deer Tank, to the north of Coconino Basin]. The next morning we went on down to the bench above Hagàʔa'là [Little Colorado River] and along it up the canyon. We stopped that night at Tatá'áhà, where we found a lot of Paiute. We stayed with them for two or three sleeps. Then one morning we continued up along the bench to its end [?] where the Navaho Bridge is now; we went up a little further and crossed the Little Colorado. We climbed up on the red bench on the other side and camped at Wihwátágĭl'íá (red pinnacles). Next morning we went up the slope toward the east. When on top we made pretty good time traveling and got close to Oraibi. This camp was at K'eyúdtgà (gulch). Next morning we went on and reached Oraibi about midday.

All the Hopi came out to see us. They said in their language, "It is very good to bring the women and children with you. We are glad to see you." We went into Oraibi and each of our families took up quarters with friendly Hopi. The Hopi said, "It was pretty good of you people to come to see us. Do not go away soon; stay with us a long time. That is what we like." I think it was about harvest time; the Hopi were gathering their corn. The Hopi wanted the Havasupai to go with them and gather their corn; so they did so. I was a little boy and I played about with the Hopi boys. 648

We stayed at Oraibi a long time: I think, until it snowed. When it was very cold, we started back. We stopped at Wihwátágĭl'íá for a little time. Again we moved back across the Little Colorado, but not by the same road; this time a considerable distance above. We came out to the west on top of a high mesa, Amáá-l'ⁿnyuĭnyá (antelope trail). When we were a little way to the west of this, we stayed in a big cave in another canyon, Waigátídà. We stayed at this place a pretty long time. When snow lay on the ground we hunted rabbits. We stayed nearly all winter, until there was only a little snow left on the ground; then we came right along. At each camp we stayed for two or three sleeps. At that time the trail came by the north side of Wigàdàwĭ'sà [Red Butte]; this was the road we followed. We got to Ha'apu [Rain Tank] where we stayed a long time again. Again we moved toward home: we stopped to camp at Huwafàdjahwĭlà [Little Red Rain Tank]. Next morning we came on and got to Huwafàʔàldùvà. Here some said that they wanted to go down into Grand Canyon onto the red bench. So they went down Padjmyáhamà [man's trail, i.e., Bass's trail] where their home was. My father and some other men just kept coming along the rim of Grand Canyon and along the rim of this one, to Lee Canyon where we camped for several days. Then a lot of our people came down that canyon wanting to go to the village. Some of the others wanted to go down on to the red bench in Cataract Canyon. My father and an old woman took their families along the bench. We followed down that canyon which runs westward from the 484

[1] At this time it was customary to burn the dead; they are now buried.

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484 point of the plateau to where our home was on the red bench. Then we gathered mescal and roasted it in a pit. That was pretty good for me; I ate plenty. I was a long way off and felt pretty bad, and when I got back, I was glad. When I was out of my country over at Oraibi, I thought all the time that I would like to be home, so I felt pretty glad when I got home.

●[648] After I was home a little while that first Yavapai raid occurred.

War

721 Warfare among the Havasupai was chiefly defensive, for they numbered too few to carry on effective offensive operations. However, they made raids against their nearer enemies from time to time.

Their traditional enemies are the Yavapai and the associated western 648 groups of White Mountain and Tonto Apache. The tribal designation [196] for the first is in fact also the generic term for enemy, *Itcahud.* They were intermittently hostile to the Navaho, with whom they seem to have come but infrequently in contact until the Navaho were forced westward in the middle of the nineteenth century. Thereafter they were usually inclined to be friendly. Their relations with the Paiute were similar. These people were sometimes encountered along the lower Little Colorado, but more frequently they were met in hostile engagements in their own territory north of the Colorado. They were probably fought with no more than were the Navaho, but this seems largely to be due to their inaccessibility. The friends of the Havasupai were the Hopi and of course the Walapai, with whom they maintained steadfast amicable relations. Oraibi figures in the tales as a sort of neutralized trading station, with its inhabitants strongly biased in favor of the Havasupai, or at least so the latter thought. The concerns of the Walapai were always those of their eastern relatives, who joined them in raids on the Paiute and who vicariously shared their enmity for the Mohave. Other tribes were too far away for conflict.[1]

726 Raids into Cataract Canyon, which make up the largest part of 722 their hostile relations, were made by the Yavapai with their Apache associates and on rarer occasion by the Paiute. The raiders would suddenly appear in the village at dawn. This gave them the advantages of surprise and a long period of daylight in which to make good their escape. At the first alarm the women and children scattered, climbing up the cliffs to hide among the rocks on the red sandstone bench. Some men, at least, would fly with them, until an effective skirmish line could be formed to repel the invader and recover their booty, chiefly horses—

[1] I believe Mooney must be mistaken in identifying the Havasupai with one of the groups raided by the Kiowa. (e), 160.

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scalps are washed with soapweed by an old woman in one tale.) He hangs the scalp from a pole set up in a clearing and calls everyone to come and dance. Men and women wash and don their gala dress, painting their faces in any style and color they choose. All the men and women dance around the pole with the same shuffling sidewise step used in the social dance. They pat their mouths as they shout. They probably do not care for the scalp after this dance. It is interesting to note that while these people have observed a Paiute victory dance they have not borrowed any of its peculiar features. There is no definite system of war honors.

Taking the whole scalp is also credited to the Yavapai by my informants (although Corbusier says they took none.) There is no purificatory rite after killing, nor set speeches made to war parties as among the Pima. The wolf dance (beating on a hide) of the Lemhi Shoshoni, Nez Percé, and many Plains tribes, is unknown.[1] Scouts wore neither wolf hides nor grass headdresses for concealment.

War with the Paiute. This happened at Gwidágwit [Uinkaret Mountains] either before I [Sinyella] was born or when I was a little baby.

There were many Paiute living on the east side of those mountains who wanted to fight. They crossed Hagátafá [Colorado River] a little below Huúltovôkyóvá [pine precipice, Moho Canyon in the eastern Walapai country]. They came across country north of Pine Spring. Many Walapai lived along there. There they killed many men, women, and children. They repeated this once or twice, killing quite a number of Walapai. The big chief of the Walapai thought that the Walapai ought to cross the Colorado against the Paiute. They talked this over and all agreed. Then the Walapai chief sent several men down here to us. The Walapai said, "Our people want to cross the Colorado and kill the Paiute. Our chief wanted us to come down to persuade some of you to go with us." The Havasupai agreed, and some went with them. They went where the Walapai were already assembled. The Havasupai big chief said to the Walapai, "The Paiute killed a lot of your people so you are angry and want to fight them. That is all right."

Then the Walapai chief said, "We are all ready to go. We know the place to climb down to the river." So all went down directly opposite the mountains to the south side of the river. They got long logs and put cross pieces between them, making a raft to put their beds, provisions and arrows on. A lot of them took hold of it on all sides and pushed it before them as they swam. They unloaded it and pushed it back to fetch those who could not swim. So they ferried all over. They camped there on the north shore over night. In the morning they went up out of Grand Canyon. The old men pointed out the spot to me from this side and it looks like a good place to climb out. When they got up on the plateau, they traveled straight toward those mountains. They found a road a little way back from the rim. When they were about halfway from the canyon to the mountain, they came upon a Paiute camp. Some of the strong young men always traveled ahead; if they found nobody, they sent one

[1] Lowie, (a), 194; Spier, (b), 465.

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where others pushed them into the cave. When the entrance was filled, they set fire to the wood and suffocated all those inside: none escaped.[1]

Torts.

If a man accidentally hurt another, he would give a present to assuage his injured feelings and prevent retaliation. Neither husband nor wife was responsible to the other for injuries to their children. If a foreigner murdered a Havasupai, his relatives would immediately revenge themselves on the murderer. In spite of their intimate relations with the Walapai, fracases do occur; recently knives were drawn in a dispute over a horserace. If a Havasupai killed a Walapai, his relatives might pay a blanket, horse, or buckskin to prevent his being killed in retaliation. A chief would accompany them to the Walapai. Similarly, the Walapai would offer to pay if one of their number killed a Havasupai. When two men quarrel, as when one sets upon his wife's lover, bystanders interfere before either comes to grief. A shaman is killed for his misdeeds (p. 239).

A theft by a Navaho is instanced wherein revenge is taken by killing and despoiling an innocent member of that tribe (p. 367). Sinyella's father received recompense (a blanket) from a Hopi who stole his Navaho wife (p. 227).

Comparative Notes

Data on residence after marriage are lacking for many tribes in this area. Yet there seems to be some local differentiation. Matrilocal residence as the normal procedure holds for the Hopi, Zuñi, Sia, and undoubtedly other Pueblos. It is important to know how residence is affected by male ownership of houses on the northern Rio Grande and by ownership by either sex in the middle Pueblo area. In Laguna at least there is both matrilocal and patrilocal residence. Dumarest indicates Cochiti as patrilocal, but Starr has it matrilocal. The Navaho may be matrilocal and the Kiowa certainly are.[2] Patrilocal residence occurs in the Southwest among the Pima, Papago, Yuma, Cahuilla, evidently the Western Apache and Northern Diegueño, and perhaps the Gabrielino.[3] Temporary matrilocal residence is found among the Havasupai, Apache (all other groups?), Mohave, Cocopa, Tepecano, Uintah Ute, Paviotso, Washo, Patwin, the Northern Maidu of the foothills, Northeastern Maidu, and occasionally among the Southern Diegueño and Wind River Shoshoni. The Northern Maidu of the Sac-

[1] Compare the same procedure of the Paviotso (Hopkins, 73-75).
[2] Kroeber, (j), 92; Stevenson, M. C., (a), 29; Parsons, (d), 170; Dumarest, 148; Starr, (a), 43; Lippe, 45; Curtis, I, 125-127; Mooney, (c), 253.
[3] Russell, (d), 194; Curtis, I, 133; II, 33, 68; Gifford, (a), 173, 186; Reid, 11.

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DANCES

Annual Dance

The one general dance (*yimdgi*) of the year is hardly to be classed as religious, for it serves a social end, yet it is also a means of obtaining rain and prosperity. Certainly the pleasure element is uppermost for the majority of those attending. It is performed at the end of August or the beginning of September, when the harvest is gathered. At this time Navaho, Hopi, and Walapai visitors come to share the abundance and to trade, the several days of festivities furnishing the principal diversion of the year. In 1918 a somewhat impromptu affair was given on August eighteenth and a more extended dance in the middle of September lasting two days and nights; in 1919, the dance was held September twelfth to fifteenth occupying three nights and the intervening days.

The dance of August 1918, although held by day, was typical, save in one respect, namely, that most of the active men and women were absent in attendance on a mourning ceremony given by the Walapai. The dance ground, a disputed tract in the middle of the village, was voluntarily cleared by some boys, who piled the brush about the edges; this was the only approach to an enclosure. People began to arrive in the early afternoon, the men congregating apart from their families. Curiously enough, although the women sat together they formed three slightly separated groups; those from camps 7-18 (see map, Fig. 50) were at the southern end, camps 44-53 at the north, with the families from the middle section of the village between. Clearly this was not only an expression of the relationships prevailing between neighbors, but also of a degree of cohesion among neighbors as such. The older men smoked; the younger played games of chance; the women, when not engaged in preparing food for the subsequent feast, prepared basketry material. By midafternoon the entire village, with the exception of a few old women attending the sick, had arrived. Sinyella thereupon directed that a space be cleared to receive the food, arranged part of it that the men might eat, and distributed the remainder among the groups of women and children. At its conclusion, Sinyella and Manakadja, the only chiefs present, rose from their places before the men and addressed a moral discourse to the women and children, stating as well, that although the dance had not been given for several years, on this occasion it should be resumed in its old form. At this time, the heat of the day abating, the dance commenced.

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many children had participated at least in some slight degree, such as gathering firewood, cooking or distributing food, etc. There was some philandering, young children got out of hand at times, but little ill-feeling was shown at any time. [527] [535]

Preparations for the dance of September twelfth to fifteenth, 1919, began two weeks before with singing practice. On one such night about thirty young men with a few of their elders gathered at the dance ground as the moon rose. After some discussion, they commenced singing. The old men sat close about a fire, while twenty younger stood in a circle about them. Supai Jack, the best singer, sang first, the others joining. The occasion was one for considerable chaffing. Sinyella called out admonitions, which were taken seriously, while they sang. The auditors repeated "*hdaly*$^{(a)}$, good" after each song was tried. Two Navaho who had arrived to announce the coming of their tribesmen were present. Lads practised wrestling [533] [648] [526]

Early in the morning of September fifth, Panamida, a chief, bellowed a summons to clear the dance ground, which volunteers complied with before noon.

On the afternoon of the first day families began to arrive at the dance ground at 3:30; all the men were present by 5, but many women did not attend this day. Women cooked; boys ran some horseraces (which, like the discontinued footraces, were to a distant point and back). The remaining food was spread in long rows on a layer of willow branches by Sinyella and another. Men ate here at sundown; later food was set out for the women by Sinyella. The nine Navaho men present, who held themselves aloof, were first served by their many friends. Three chiefs, Mpaukaiya, Sinyella, and Captain Jim, and the shaman, Rock Jones, harangued the seated crowd from time to time. The dancing continued from 8:30 until midnight. Hesitation in starting the dance was again noted. The drummer and song leader stood throughout at the center of the circle. These two would sing the phrase once while the performers stood in their places, then all joined; when they were singing in unison, the drummer gave the signal to dance. Forty to fifty men and girls formed the group which circled about three times per song, stopping in their initial positions. The girls were slow in joining, until urged by the head chief's old wife. Women forced their way in beside the Navaho, who, with some Havasupai men, paid their partners (the women on the right), with small coins for each dance. Several men went about to preserve order. Some of the women had weeds hung from the back of their belts, similar to one hung on me when I joined the dance of the previous year. [526] [648] [537] [527] [535] [533] [301]

The Indians had gathered, dressed in gala garb, by 5 p.m. on the second day, and feasted at sundown. The head chief erected a pole at the center of the dance ground. At 8 p.m. twenty dancers, formed in two lines, one of men, the other of women, performed the Mohave dance (see p. 267). The head chief addressed the audience about 9, after which the dancing began. The average number of dancers was fifty, including a larger proportion of women than on the preceding night. The distinctly old people did not dance. Speeches were made at intervals by the chiefs, Big Jim and Sinyella. Such talks were a half hour in length. [177] [624] [537]

About midnight a masked boy ran out of the bushes to urge and whip the laggards. He wore a white mask with eye and mouth holes, short black trousers, cottonwood branches were tied around his neck and biceps, and he carried a cottonwood branch in each hand. His arms and legs were painted white, with white stripes diagonally crossing his breast and back. They danced until 1 a.m. [302]

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177 535 songs, the references to the dead. Two opposing lines, one of men and the other of women are formed, stationed a meter and a half apart.[1] The song leader, carrying a rattle, stands in the center of the men's line. All stand singing for a short time, then when all are in unison, [533] the men walk forward three meters, the women retreating before them; then the men walking backward with the women following, they return to their original positions, and so on. The steps are usually short, with the body upright, but there is some variation and at times the dancers are bent over. In one form both lines face about after a few steps and proceed in the same direction, but now the men walk backward instead of forward as they started, the women are reversed, and the lines are back to back. The song ends with ha' ha' ha' ha, while the rattling is rapidly continued for a short time after the song ends.

177 535 765 [648] The Walapai ceremony from which this dance is copied may occur at any time.[2] It may be inaugurated by anyone who (informally?) asks the consent of the chiefs. It is held in mourning for the recently deceased, as in July, 1919 for those who had died of influenza during the preceding winter. In September of the same year a prominent Walapai sent invitations to the Havasupai, among others, to join in mourning for his oldest brother, nephew, and several other relatives. The day of the ceremony is given over to gaming and horseracing. A large shade is erected and enclosed with sheeting, ribbons, and bunting. Within this the chiefs harangue through an entire night, while the people weep. The dance described above is held outside. Eight to fifteen songs are thus sung; then all stop to rest and mourn. During these intervals the inaugurator of the dance and the chiefs address the crowd. In the morning the shade is tumbled down, the sheeting, etc., together with new clothing, is thrown on the pile, and the whole burned. All then leave the locality with the exception of the inaugurator who remains to watch the fire. The Havasupai who attend do not mourn [648] for their own dead but for the Walapai.

177 535 [533] In view of this opposition, it is interesting to note how this dance takes root. Singing practice is a common evening pastime of the younger men. For instance, on one occasion twenty men, ranging in age from fifteen to thirty-five, danced to the Mohave songs from a few hours after sundown until just before dawn. Foster, who knew the songs and steps best, carried the rattle. The procedure followed that of the regular dance, but it was evident that the song was being learned before it was tried with the step. The only older man present was Kâθâdâ, who had invited the men to dance in his field and openly encouraged them. His sole position in the Havasupai world is due to his being a mild-mannered friend of everyone. The Mohave dance was given in the yearly dance as described above at the behest of the aggressive Captain Jim, who

[1] I do not know whether partners are chosen. My notes also do not specify, but as I recall, they did not join hands.
[2] Annually, according to Curtis, II, 92.

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fetched a rattle that it might begin. While nobody objected to its performance, it apparently was not considered in order for it soon stopped. 177 535

It would be valuable to learn just what knowledge of foreign dances and ceremonies the Havasupai have. Naturally they have seen those of all the neighboring tribes, and certain elements, such as the masked figure in the yearly dance, are demonstrably introduced. But according to Manakadja, while they look on at Hopi dances, they do not participate. Further, while they once tried to imitate them, they stopped because "they did not know much." Navaho as well as Yavapai shamans have been called in for the sick. I do not know whether the Havasupai participate in the social dances of the Hopi and Navaho, but it seems likely. They take part in Walapai ceremonies and dances on a par with members of that tribe and Paiute dances have been participated in, because, it is said, they are similar to those of the Havasupai 177 535 648 [756]

The toloache ceremony of southern California tribes is unknown. The green leaves of the jimpson weed (*smalgátú'*) are eaten, however. This makes them crazy; they crawl around, shout, and laugh inordinately. They dream of being in crowds who play and dance. Jess said that he hoed down corn, thinking the plants weeds, while under its influence. The old people warn the youths against using the drug. Leaves may be taken from any part of the plant. 171 276

Comparative Notes

The almost complete lack of group ceremonials sets the Havasupai apart from the Pueblos and the rancheria peoples to the east and south. Both the round dance and the Mohave dance are Great Basin practices. The masked dance is the sole point of resemblance to the typical Southwestern tribes. 171 796 535

The round dance is common to most, if not all, the Basin tribes. As part of the Ghost dance movement of 1890 it made its way into the Plains as well, while the earlier movement of 1870 had brought the dance into northern California and to the Yokuts from the Mono.[1] The dance as a unit (a circle of both sexes, interlocking fingers, sidewise step) is known[2] to the Havasupai, Walapai, Moapa, Shivwits,[3] Uinkaret (?)[4] and Kaibab Paiute,[5] Pyramid Lake Paviotso,[6] Washo[7], Klamath, Cosnute,[8] 171 535 [177]

[1] Kroeber, (c); Powers, 42, 381, 397 (confirmed by A. H. Gayton).
[2] My search of the literature is by no means exhaustive.
[3] *Ghost-Dance in Arizona*, 66; Lowie, (i), 302.
[4] About 1880 according to a Havasupai informant.
[5] Seen in 1872 by Dellenbaugh, 178.
[6] Lowie, (i), 306.
[7] Girls' puberty dance (information from Doctor R. H. Lowie, 1926).
[8] Reagan, 40.

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The shaman is called in by a relative of the sick man.[1] He performs by night in the camp (never in a sweatlodge), singing over the patient, and sucking out the disease which he exhibits. The characteristic attitude while singing is with the clenched knuckles of the left hand held against the forehead, the right hand holding the gourd rattle, while the trunk is slowly twisted from side to side. Relatives and friends gather to shout as the shaman may enjoin them.[2]

Once about 1900 I [Sinyella] was sick with a white man's sickness, fever, and I nearly died. Rock Jones and another Havasupai shaman, A'mal (suck), sang for me but did not cure me. I nearly died. Then two white men came down the Walapai trail. I said, "Tell them to look at me." They had two kinds of medicine which they gave me: "Give it to him three times a day." I took this and got well quickly.

A'mal used a gourd rattle and sang over me where I lay close to the fire; he sang thus four nights. He shut his eyes as he sang; then his spirit could see, yet he could see with them too. The first or second night he applied his mouth to my body so that his spirit could bring out the sickness in my body. The spirit went into me and looked all around; it made me shake hard then. It went back down his throat with a gulp. The spirit said, "This sickness is a white man's sickness: the white doctor made that sickness a long time ago. It is very bad; that is why I cannot get it. It is too small, I could not find anything tangible; it only makes you shake and cold and hot together." Another night the spirit said the same thing.

All my relatives were there, men and women, and many friends. None slept; they shouted, and told the shaman, "Be strong and see what you can do." He said to them, "Do not sleep; stay awake; shout and help me, and I will do the best I can." They called him their relative and he felt fortified thereby.

Rock Jones is not a doctor; he only knows about making rain. But sometimes sick people want him to sing for them; he does not suck. He can tell about thunder, lightning, wind, hail, snow and such things.

Doctor Tommy treated Lina for aches, particularly for fever in the head. He sucked her forehead directly with his lips. His spirit drew out the trouble which he showed her; little white worms like threads, about a centimeter long. He also instructed her husband to cut her hair short; this cured her somewhat.

Jess, who has consumption, consulted Bob, who sang over him. He said that if Jess heard a little clicking noise in his chest, he would be worse, otherwise he would recover. Jess does not know what Bob sang about.

Little Jim's first patient was Melvin. He sucked the lad's eyes and other painful parts. [My informant did not know if he exhibited any object.] He ascribed the ailment to the fact that ten or more years ago the boy's father, Sinyella, went among the Navaho trying to learn their shaman's songs. But he erred in repeating the words: bad spirits made his eyes fail. They have been with him ever since, although he stopped singing these songs as soon as he sickened. Nevertheless his oldest son, Lanoman, and a younger, Melvin, were also afflicted.[3] This is always the case, that if a man makes errors in singing a dead shaman's songs, the latter becomes angry and sends his spirit to make the offender sick.

[1] He is not given turquoise as among the White Mountain Apache.
[2] Cushing, (a), 552.
[3] All three have aggravated cases of trachoma.

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756 If the patient does not improve another shaman may be called on.
755 In fact there may be more than one shaman working on him at one time. No professional jealously is aroused by calling in a second, it is said. Their efforts alternate, one sings for two or three nights, then the other; they may even be present at the same time. A novice may ask instruction of an older shaman.

755 Little Jim sucked Jess' chest and neck. Although he made no incision, he spat out blood. He said that Jess was suffering from a spirit sent by the being who made everything, deer, rabbits, and mountain sheep. Later the same summer, Doctor Tommy announced the same opinion, for he too sent his spirit into Jess while the latter slept. After a week or so Jess would cough up less blood and the pain subsided; Tommy's spirit would then return to his master to inform him that the evil spirit was gone. Jess added that when hunting he killed many deer, two or three each time. He wasted the flesh, even several carcasses together. This offended the man who made the deer; he did not want Jess to kill so many, so he sent his spirit.

756 The attitude of the people at large is fairly well indicated by these examples. On the whole, they have an implicit belief in shamanistic practices, though the ability of a particular shaman may be doubted and even scouted. Personally, the shaman may not be held in very high esteem—they are half contemptuous of the dwarfed Walapai Doctor Tommy—yet they freely call on him. Now that Rock Jones, a weather shaman, is getting old and deaf, his powers are held in low esteem. They
● [648] also secure the services of other Walapai, Navaho, and Yavapai, whose practices are similar to their own.

755 Once about 1885 when Lenoman, my oldest son, was about seventeen years old, he was pretty sick. I [Sinyella] got a Walapai shaman to cure him, but he did not get well. The Walapai shaman said: "It is very difficult." Then I took him over to Coconino Basin; other Havasupai went there too. I found many Navaho there; I asked who was a shaman. They said, "One who is here is a good shaman" and they showed him to me. I asked him to cure my boy; "If you cure him, I will give you two dollars" and I gave it to him. He sang for the boy two nights; he had two women with him who also sang. He had four stone arrowpoints, and he stuck one in the ground at the head and one at the foot and one on each side of the boy as he lay there. He stopped after two nights, and said the boy would not get well. Then I got a Havasupai shaman, Watahomidja's father. He said, "It is pretty hard to cure that sickness. That sickness is due to your [Sinyella's] dead maternal grandfather (a shaman), who sent his spirit to fetch Lenoman (i.e., make him die)." His spirit could see this. That shaman said, "I do not think I can cure him, it is too hard for me. I think my younger brother, who is a very good shaman, can do it. So go and tell him to come and cure him." So I sent a man by the most direct route to Moho Canyon on the Walapai Reservation to ask A'mal to come. The night he arrived he began; he sang all night very loud, and sucked. His spirit brought out all kinds of things, hail (it looked like hail), lightning, clouds, snow, and something relating to a wolf. He brought out all the things that made the boy sick and showed

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father is the proper guide, but (paternal ?) uncles may offer casual instruction. Nicely made bows are sometimes presented by a grandfather, and all seasons, particularly the autumn when the quail abound, see the boys practising marksmanship. While boys are still young they are taught by precept. They were first taken hunting when about ten years old, shown the deer tracks and "parks", how the game stands and walks, and how to crawl up to it and shoot. Boys of this age are cautioned not to smoke until they have killed their first coyote.[1] When a youth first kills a deer unassisted, he lets it lie, returning home to fetch his grandfather, or some other ancient. The old man flays and butchers it, and he, not the boy, eats the cooked liver.[2]

Little girls help their mothers at household duties when their brothers of equal age are roaming from home in sport. They accompany their mothers to the fields to gather corn, to the orchards to prepare peaches, etc., and assist by carrying little loads of produce and wood, fetching water, and tending the babies. Adolescent girls remain under their mothers' eye and do not go about the canyon freely.

Basket making is taught to girls of seven to nine years. As attendance at the government school interferes with the old process of training, it is difficult to observe today what progress may be: a girl of sixteen made an execrable basket; three years later her work was average. A left-handed girl has also been taught.[3]

Dance and gaming songs, which have no esoteric character, are picked up by quite young children. It is a common thing to hear them sing snatches, particularly if they think themselves unobserved. One boy of five had quite an extensive repertoire. Children of eight or nine take part in the dance and without much hesitation join in the singing.

Women dance and sing as well as men do, yet they do not have any periods of dance practice.

Although young children may listen to stories on a winter's evening, Manakadja stated that no serious effort is made to engage their attention until they are ten or twelve years old. This informant and Sinyella were each told the tales by an uncle (probably an elder brother of the father) when boys. Men of fifty or sixty pretend not to know the tales sufficiently

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[1] The Pima have the same caution (Russell, (d), 110). Pueblo boys are forbidden to smoke lest it make cowards of them, or as at Cochiti, lessen their ability to run (Dumarest, 145; Parsons, (f), 9). Smoking is connected with warrior status. I vaguely recall having read that killing a coyote is also a requisite, but cannot now find a reference to this.

[2] Among the Paviotso of Humboldt Lake a youth does not eat his kill (rabbits, etc.) until he has brought down his first large game (e.g., deer). He carries home the hide to his father, who makes a thong loop from it, which he throws over the boy. He may then eat the flesh (Hopkins, 50). A Shasta boy does not eat his kill until a year or more after he begins to hunt, else he would lose his lush (Dixon, (b), 432).

[3] Hrdlička, (d), 485, notes that San Carlos girls are taught twined weaving first, later coiling.

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832 On the subject of womanly beauty, I was told without hesitation that all men agree on Esther and Eunice. Both are young, sprightly, and smiling. Both have broad, perfectly oval faces; the curve of the cheek flowing smoothly from eye to wide chin, uninterrupted by prominent cheek bones. Both have clear, evenly pigmented skins, tan or buff, without wrinkles, hollows, darkly pigmented or thickly veined areas. Evidently the hair is not included in the estimate for Eunice's hair is cut quite short.

562 While wives are subordinate to their husbands no great restrictions are imposed on them. A wife follows when walking with her husband. She may eat after him when he entertains guests. Etiquette does not prescribe her seat with reference to his own. It is not proper for a woman to entertain a man alone during the absence of her husband, although it is permissible to have many men and children about. Nor should she walk about with any other man, not even a brother or father. If either of these relatives wants a thing brought from the fields, e.g., he so informs her, and she goes alone. When the objective is at a tiring distance, she may properly ride, but women do not ordinarily ride about the village, even when accompanying their husbands, as this would cause adverse comment. They would be cautioned against the possibility of being molested.

648 574 The attitude toward guests from other tribes should be one of cordiality. A stranger stands at the door until bidden to enter. The host now shakes hands and expresses his pleasure. Food is provided. Both are reserved, inquiries progressing slowly. The host makes a [439] present, buckskins or food; his guest reciprocates. This is really an overture to trade negotiations, since presents are not freely given. Adop- [697] tion is not usually practised, nor names bestowed.

The visitors were pressed to eat heartily before others at the dance in 1919. In spite of the cordiality shown them, group consciousness showed itself in the awkward banter, brusqueness, and the tendency to form a compact group on the part of the Navaho and Hopi visitors. At night they usually camped together at a single host's camp.

574 It is courteous to call out before entering a friend's house, though an informal entrance is not taken amiss. While it was said that a guest would be seated to the right of the entrance (to one looking in) or better at the side furthest from it, this was denied by another informant. Casual guests munch a roasted ear of corn, etc., if such happens to be prepared, [576] otherwise nothing is cooked for them. No word for thanks exists other than *hdnlgd*, good, nor any for please. The Zuñi custom of expressing thanks is ridiculed.

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541 giθa giyi giyi goldoŋ ávoŋhai isunéa heneyá (repeat)
789 gàθigánágóagó nóŋágábá isunéa hineyá
533 A second song is:—
[539] si'i'i'ike'ego hasiáŋá ,hasiáŋá hasiáŋáŋáŋá yólgai

[177] These songs were learned from the Navaho by Bob's paternal grand-
[648] father, who was captured in the canyon and lived among them for forty years. The Hopi helped him to escape on an occasion when he visited Oraibi. Horsemen do not jockey for a start, but start from a standstill.

526 Only girls juggle (*djiydgd*). Two or three balls are caught in one hand as they walk about. These are stones, peach stones, or small wild gourds.[1]

Boys play a game wherein they throw darts, made of a corncob on a stick, at a rolling tray basket.

Men and boys play a number of archery games. In one, two men roll a circular opuntia cactus, which has been placed in the fire so that the spines could be scraped off, from one to the other. A group of others standing opposite its path shoot at it. The target is called a mountain sheep, deer, etc. A variation consists in rolling a small barrel cactus, from which the spines have been removed, down a hill. The bow men, stationed along its course, shoot in succession as it passes.

In another game two opposing bands of bow men are seated fifteen yards apart. Beside each group there is an opuntia cactus raised obliquely on a pile of dirt so that it presents only one edge to the opponents.
[525] Arrows are wagered, which are won when the mark is hit in the center, which cannot be seen. A hit in the forward edge does not score. If the arrow strikes the dirt pile, lifting the cactus, the archer has a second chance. Holding the cactus together with his bow in his left hand, he tosses it up and attempts to shoot the flying missile. An opponent may try to make him miss by strumming on a bowstring. He holds the bow
[534] horizontally between his lips near one end and taps the string with an arrow. This is the only occurrence of the musical bow among these people.

A similar game consists in shooting at two wads of bark set up about 25 yards apart. Arrows are stuck into the ground until they are required
[525] for use. The parties shoot alternately. A single hit wins the stakes.

Wrestling contests (*gigwi'ówigd*) are frequently indulged in by men and boys. Opponents approach crouching slightly and lock their arms about each other's body. The winner must hold his man flat on the ground. Striking, kicking, and biting are not permitted.

[1] They do not balance poles.

000 I had not been at the school long enough to acquire the needed information, it was evident that I would have to submit a report of some kind.

123 To learn the form and material embodied in such accounts, I studied the reports on file, beginning with the one drawn up in 1895 by the teacher who had established the school. He and his farmer, with the help of the Indians, had hauled the stone and put up the buildings in which we now lived. When he arrived in the canyon, after the drive from Seligman and the descent of a far more primitive trail than we had traveled, he found no shelter for himself and wife, nothing to work with, nothing to work for except the Indians, whose children he described as "wearing a [515] covering of grease, mescal juice, and filth, fearfully and wonderfully combined." After he knew them better and had recovered from the shock of that first impression, he wrote of them as "sturdy, simple mountaineers, who simply asked to be let alone." When he reported: "Death by perishing from thirst on the desert [484] is the punishment to women for promiscuous amours," I knew that the Havasupai were stark realists, daring and stoical, and I would not have a dull moment.

439 I also came across an order for one thousand eight hundred pounds of dried peaches which I must purchase from the Indians and ship to other Indian schools for use on the children's tables, and an order for twenty cords of wood to be bought and shipped.

648 I learned, too, that the superintendent must co-operate with the officials of the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve, who controlled the plateau region surrounding the small Havasupai Reservation. There were many infringements of law by the Indians, who claimed the reserve as their age-old hunting ground, and the officials made occasional trips to the school to request an investigation.

595 Among the orders was one prohibiting polygamy. The busy, contented Havasupai seemed so free from the evils afflicting the Walapai that I was convinced that no man in the tribe claimed two wives, although I knew that some of the older Walapai men 000 had two or more. These Indians apparently had no knowledge of

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Havasupai Home Life

595 I had discovered by this time that there were polygamous marriages among the Havasupai, and often wondered how much they disturbed the serenity of the homes involved. And then one day during a visit to the village, Head Chief Manakadja led me to one of two brush wickiups set in the same yard. Entering, with me, he pointed to an elderly woman sitting in a corner, shelling corn, and said laconically, "Old wife." Returning to the yard, we entered the second wickiup. A woman much younger than the "old wife" sat within, weaving a basket. In the same matter-of-fact fashion Manakadja pointed to her and remarked, "Young wife," then hurried through the low doorway to identify, by name, his children playing in the yard, several of whom were enrolled in school.

595 The innocent way in which he had called my attention to his
648 two households made it difficult for me to break the news which surely would be a staggering blow to him. But I could not ignore the Commissioner's order to field officials regarding polygamous relations without taking a chance of being called to account. So I explained, "The Great Father in Washington made a paper talk; he said an Indian may have one wife, only one. You have two."

Manakadja stood for a bewildered moment just staring at me, then he asked, "What they do, wife, chillen, I no keep? Where go?"

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That was one phase of the situation the Great Father had not thought out; neither had I. The old wife and her children would be the ones to go, and she had borne her share of trouble. I told him to keep both families, and give them equal care. I did not report his case to Washington, nor did I seek advice as to the best method for disposing of surplus wives and children.

The Indians said that Manakadja had first married the older woman, a member of his tribe. Years later, while camped on a mesa, he met a young Paiute woman whom he wanted for his wife. Whether the Paiute girl objected to sharing his affections with another or whether he had tired of the "old wife," he discarded her. Later, they were reconciled and he established homes for the two women in the same dooryard.

Leslie Spier relates a story,* told him by Sinyella, the elderly tribesman, which helped me realize that not all broken marriages involved the heartache I had imagined.

While hunting on the mesa, Sinyella's father met a young Navaho woman, living in a brush shelter of her own contriving. She must have been a venturesome girl to have walked across the snow-covered desert from "away back there" to her camp site, searching for Navaho relatives whom she had heard were camped in this region. The girl had anticipated her need for a campfire by carrying the Indian's "slow match." This was made by rubbing cedar bark until soft and pliable, binding it with yucca leaves into a slender rope, and igniting one end. The rope was carried in a loose coil. By blowing on the smoldering end, fire could easily be lighted.

Sinyella's father wanted the girl and took her to his home as his wife. Years later, some Hopi men came into the canyon to trade. The woman slipped away to the Hopi village and became the wife of one of the visiting men. Her Havasupai husband followed, demanding her return. When the Hopi man refused to let the woman go, Sinyella's father stated his alternative: "You must give me something; then you can have her." The "some-

* *Havasupai Ethnography*, American Museum of Natural History.

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Fortunately, this tribe, unlike the roving Indians of the desert region, had never come in serious conflict with the United States Army. Had they done so, I am inclined to think the Havasupai may have won, at least the first bout. For an American soldier, confronted by enemy whose armor resembled buckskin nightshirts, and whose shields—their only protection from bullets—were tanned deerskins, would have been so convulsed with laughter that he could not fire a shot.

However, the Havasupai had one weapon that no enemy laughed off—their poisoned arrows. Juices extracted from the Jimson weed and other toxic plants, combined with the poison of scorpions and poisonous insects, cemented to the arrow tip with glue from roasted soapweed leaves, made a deadly weapon. They were expert marksmen, and if the flesh was penetrated by one of these poisoned arrows, there was no known antidote.

At the approach of the enemy, women and children scurried up the wall to their huge stores of food on a higher level, saved for just such an emergency. Men fought from their homes until driven from the canyon floor, some retreating to the fort to shoot arrows at the pursuers or to roll stones down upon them. Others took to the ledges along the walls, running ahead of the desert pirates, slaughtering them with poisoned arrows. But many, according to the Indians, retreated to this ledge with its little scooped-out rooms in which ammunition and food could be stored and the wounded cared for. Crossfire from the fort and this ledge could annihilate the invaders in this wider section of the canyon, which held the main part of the village. Protected by their armored men and their shield-bearers, the Havasupai warriors descended for hand-to-hand fighting, while archers slaughtered the fleeing enemy from stations along the walls.

By nightfall, the canyon was cleared. Women and children scrambled down from their high perches, joining the men in caring for the wounded, cleaning up the village, cremating the dead and repairing, as best they could, the damage. Then they held the victory dance, as bloodchilling as had been the conflict itself.

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It was a gala occasion of feasting and dancing. Faces were grotesquely painted, costumes and ornaments were designed to heighten the emotional orgy. Enemy scalps, taken in the fight, were washed and cleaned by the old women, then tied to the tip of an upright pole. The people danced round and round the pole, patting their mouths, giving a more savage note to the victory song, working themselves into a frenzy while they harangued the scalps, blaming them for the raid. "We do not steal from your home. We stay here and make our gardens grow. You kill our people. You steal our food, our blankets, our horses, our women. Now you cannot eat. You cannot sleep warm at night. You are dead."

When Gentle Annie or any of the older Indians spoke of the victory dance, emotions ran deep, their eyes kindled with a fierce light. Again they were driving back the hated foe, running the scalping knife around the hairline of his abandoned dead, peeling off a scalp.

Eventually, the Great Father in Washington sent his soldiers to clear the canyon of all hostile Indians and settle for all time the matter of raids. We found the names of soldiers and those of army officers, including General Crook's carved on the canyon walls.

We retraced our steps down the trail feeling that, in those little rooms, we ourselves had lived their tribal wars. We crossed over to the fort that stood on an outjutting bluff, impregnable on three precipitous sides; on the fourth side, a narrow trail wound steeply to its top. At several points along the trail we found piles of stones left from their last battle, ready to be rolled down on an enemy. We picked up arrowheads, but could not determine whether they had been dropped there by the Havasupai or shot there by the enemy, nor if they had been smeared with the deadly poison. We peeped through the portholes, took pictures of the place and departed.

High up on the wall to our left were two lonely figures, the Buck and the Squaw. The Indians had told me the legend of their plight, so we stopped to see how closely the two stones resembled the figures of a man and a woman. At a time when the Apache had

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CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

The Gods Speak Again

With shocking suddenness we learned that the Blue Water was to be commercialized. Mr. Ewing wrote that an Eastern firm had been granted authority to harness Mooney Falls to manufacture electrical power for distribution to cities in Arizona and neighboring states. Engineers, surveyors and workmen swarmed into the canyon where so few white men had ever ventured. Miners had once worked the ledges on the walls for silver, but never had the Indians' authority over the Blue Water or its canyon been questioned. These white men who were now tinkering with old Mooney Falls did not consult the Indians. They were authorized to complete the project, they explained to me, and, intent upon this, they kept pretty much to themselves. We sensed an intimation of things to come. 648

Did we owe this quick but orderly invasion to the visit of the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve supervisor that day he had accompanied us to Mooney Falls? Had he determined then the power which the falls could generate, and by his report encouraged this firm to speculate? While we pondered these questions and I protested to Mr. Ewing repeatedly, the men quietly but determinedly went on with their work.

The Indians realized now that, before they were through, these white people would fill the canyon. After the machinery was installed, men would remain to attend the plant; their families would come. To whom then would the canyon belong, and who would be

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648 forced to go? Who always went when the Indian had land that the white man coveted?

The white men had plenty of cash with which to allay the Havasupai's fears. They bought alfalfa from them for their horses, [482] paying five dollars for the load a woman could carry suspended from a strap across her forehead. They gave a silver dollar to those who posed for a picture. But this proved little compensation for the Indians, who could only stand by and watch as heavy machinery rumbled in along the widened Lee Canyon trail, and old Mooney began to lose her wild timbered beauty. This trail, these falls, everything here had belonged to the Havasupai since the day the gods had led them into the canyon. Lanoman, gray-faced and angry, went about his duties. The foreign men were desecrating the "Mother of the Waters," sacred to his wife and those other dead whose spirits could sometimes be seen rising and falling through the heavy spray.

The Indians feared these invaders as they had never feared the Yavapai or the Apache. They could meet the latter and deal with them as they deserved, but these white men—working like ants, building roads, making permanent improvements—had taken possession without need of battle. Mr. Ewing wrote that the contract had been negotiated in Washington; he was powerless to interfere. And in increasing numbers the white men continued to come.

The Havasupai recalled the story the Navaho had told them of how the white men had elbowed them out of their ancient home. When, in retaliation, they killed those who had stolen their hunting ground, the Great Father in Washington sent soldiers with fire-sticks, who punished the Navaho, and took the guilty to some far place.

648 The people again gave thought to the warning of the Cheme-
175 huevi Indian who had come to them as an evangelist, reminding them of the old ways and warning them of the penalties of forgetting the customs of their ancestors. Mr. James, in *Indians of the Painted Desert Region*, recorded the Chemehuevi's impassioned appeal to the Havasupai at a dance where an agent from

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the Indian Office had appeared to persuade the Indians, by the offer of farming tools, to send their children to the Fort Mohave Indian School. At that time there was no school in the canyon. The Chemehuevi had been song leader at the dance, and made an eloquent appeal to the people to reject the agent's offer. He had cried:

> Don't send your children to the school of the white man. If you do, they will grow up with the heart of the white man, and the place of the Havasupai will know them no more. Your tribe will be broken up, and then the white man will come and take possession of your canyon home where the stream ever flows and sings to the waving willows by its side. He will rob you of your corn fields and peach orchards. No longer will the place where the bodies of your ancestors were burned be sacred to you; your hunting grounds are now all occupied by him; the deer and the antelope have nearly disappeared before his rifle, and he is hungry to possess the few things you still have left. This offer is a secret plot against you. He thinks if he cannot drive you out he will seduce you out, and this school is the offer he makes to you, so that he can get your children into his hands. There he will teach them to make fun of you; to despise your method of living; your houses, your food, your dress, your customs, your dances will all be ridiculed by him, and so you will lose the favor of Those Above, and you yourselves will soon die and your name and tribe be forgotten.

And now the Havasupai believed that his prophecy was being fulfilled. The white men had come as predicted and taken over their canyon where the stream ever flowed. Soon they would be a homeless people.

Manakadja was deeply troubled. His tribesmen had elected him to his high office because he preached the doctrine that the white man and the Indian cannot live on the same ground; each must have his own, and there can be no encroaching, one on the other. The chief had decreed that no Havasupai blood should mingle with that of the white people, and never in the history of the tribe had there been such a marriage or mingling of blood.

But in the case of these intruders Manakadja was as helpless as any of us; so again the security of the People of the Blue Water rested in the laps of their gods.

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And the gods spoke—through a storm cloud—deciding the issue with one swift blow. Work was progressing toward completion when a flood roared down the canyon, wiping out the widened, costly trail, demolishing the equipment that had disfigured Mooney Falls, and causing the firm such financial loss that the project was abandoned. The white men rode out, one afternoon, over the hastily repaired trail, leaving the canyon to the people to whom it rightfully belonged.

The power of the gods was manifest once more, renewing courage and inspiring the whole village with fresh vitality. The people worked in homes and gardens, their former cheerfulness restored by this assurance that the gods who had led them to the canyon and taught them the skills by which they had survived, were still able to defend them.

Their faith in their gods was so sincere, and they spoke of them with such candor, that I might easily have learned how much of their culture the Havasupai attributed to this source. To meet their spiritual needs, they had their god-given songs and dances. To care for their sick, the gods had taught them how to make the *toholwa* and the songs to be used in the healing ceremony. When they needed fire, the gods, through Coyote, had lighted the torch. These things I knew, but there was so much that I had failed to learn. They traced every skill to a time in the dim past when Those of Old were instructed by the deity. Now it was all too evident that some of these skills were falling into disuse.

They had been pottery makers but tin cans and lard pails had taken the place of clay utensils. Happily, baskets were still plentiful in every home. They were strong and somewhat coarse in order to stand up under the rough usage as toasting baskets, burden baskets, water bottles and general containers. However, the watertight cooking basket, used by their ancestors, into which heated stones were dropped to keep the contents boiling, was now a relic of the past. The imperfectness with which these cooked the food and the constant attention they demanded, doomed them to this fate. As the stones had cooled, they were replaced with others fresh

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48 move about and the obstacles of precipices and gorges could not stand in the way. They were ingenious in scaling walls, so the employees at the school merely widened the Indians' trails and used them. The men produced a superior quality of buckskin by a 281 process of tanning with the roasted brains of deer and the marrow [237] of the spinal cord. This was a tedious process of scraping, soaking, burying the skin in wet sand and rubbing it between the hands until soft and pliable. From these skins they had made moccasins and clothing for the entire family. But now, "store clothes" were [177] becoming more and more common.

178 Even before the beginning of this century, the tribe's habits and customs were slowly yielding to the pressure of civilization. The clothes they wore, the food they ate, the language they spoke, their very thoughts were undergoing change. Instead of sitting at their grandfather's knee learning the tribe's history and the traditions that had molded the character of the people, their children were now bent over books in the classroom. At the Sunday services they were learning about a new and strange god.

224 But the loss that stirred the deepest resentment was that of their 648 hunting grounds. In this their gods could do nothing. The superstitions and taboos to which a hunter must conform were now nullified by Arizona's game laws limiting the open season, which also restricted the use of charms to that brief period when deer were being slaughtered by the white man's guns. Even the prized [189 calculus (a solid substance obtained from the paunch of a ruminant) 237] carried by the hunter to charm the deer and make it an easy target, lost all value.

The restrictions on their hunting range were brought home to me forcibly the day a forest ranger stopped at my office and said, "I'd like to see the one in charge down here."

"I am in charge," I told him.

He regarded me coldly, then made his accusation: "You permit the Indians to kill deer out of season. It's against the law."

Someone had told. A picture flashed through my mind, one that I had acquired only a day or so previously. In the late afternoon, I

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was following the trail through the village when laughter and shouting broke the silence. At a home a short distance off the trail, Chickapanyegi, hot and tired, with headband askew, stood by his horse, unlashing from his saddle the carcass of a small deer. My first thought was of the violated game law. I said to him, "You know this is the closed season. Why did you kill that deer?"

He wiped the sweat from his face on his sleeve before he replied, "Indians, deer, here first. White man no here. Now white man make law. We got no meat. My family hungry."

"Eat your meat, now that you have it, but don't break the law again. I can't protect you. You will be taken away from your wife and children and sent to jail."

The crowd had grown while we talked, but they were silent, knowing well enough what was wrong and wanting to see what would be done about it.

They and the deer were here first; a close relationship existed between them. They killed only for food, and the deer spirit understood that. If one of them killed wastefully, the spirit that protected the deer would punish him with sickness and death.

I explained to the forest ranger the Indians' idea as to his ancient relationship to the deer and reminded him that the white man killed for sport, taking the legal limit and leaving to spoil the meat he could not carry away, while the Indian killed game for food and this was a sacred privilege. The ranger was as helpless as I. We both were obligated to demand respect for the law, regardless of our sympathy, but I wanted him to understand their idealistic attitude. The time would come when these Indians would need a friend at court.

"My sympathy is with the Indians too," he admitted, "but that will not keep them out of jail if they break the law."

So Vesnor and Lanoman went through the village, warning every man of the penalty of breaking the game laws.

Life among these people had taught me that we could not force them into an alien mold. We must teach them, lead them, give them time. Suspicion and superstition went hand in hand, con-

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trolling their actions. I realized that if, quite innocently, I made a decision or gave a dose of medicine and tragedy followed, I would face the same Indians, armed with the same knives and guns, who had demanded that a former teacher retract an order. Two hundred fifty against one was too great a hazard. The pleasure of working with these people had not dulled all thought of needful caution on my part. I still believed that it was better to be safe than sorry. Aside from this, I respected their deep-rooted traditions and primitive customs. So it was easy to make my administration one of give and take. I had violated an order by encouraging Manakadja to keep his two wives; my "take" had been his good will—a powerful influence in my favor.

Not long after I left the canyon, a decision by the man in charge of the tribe resulted, apparently, in the suicide of a young man. The Havasupai could not tolerate suicide. Murder—yes! What could a man do but kill to avenge a wrong? But a man should not destroy his own life. The body of a suicide could not be burned nor buried with those of their respected dead. Again they reasoned: cause and effect. And they proceeded to take action against the official who had made the decision. A hurried call to the outside for help quieted the rebellion. The old spirit of self-assertion had not yet been completely crushed, but again, as in times gone by, they felt the restraining hand of the white man's law.

All too well the Havasupai realized how government control had affected them and their way of life. Their right to kill game for the purposes of food and their freedom to roam would never be restored. One old man expressed the sentiments of all when he cried bitterly, "We are no longer men, but are little children who must *ask* when we go out or come in!"

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000 the Indians out on the mesa, and no school to teach, perhaps the new man would have time to do just that. I envied him. Yet I knew that this was his first association with the Indian people, and he would need the time to become acquainted with those remaining in the village and to understand the Indians' slow transition from primitive life to the complexities of modern civilization.

48 On the day of my departure the few friends who were still in the village came up to say good-by. Vesnor and Lanoman, Walapai Bill, old Captain Gabe came—and precious, old, Gentle Annie, wearing my strawberry-red dress, much dimmed by constant washing in the stream and exposure to sun. We shook hands. Questions were asked, "Why you go? You no come back?" Gentle Annie's gnarled fingers clung to my hand. "You no go," she insisted. "Pretty good you stay."

They were anxious about the future. The one in charge of the reservation could assume almost any authority over them that he pleased; and strong men that they were, they resented being told when they might "go out or come in."

000 Few farewells have been so difficult for me.

At Hilltop that night we cooked our supper on a stove that had been set up in the warehouse for use during inclement weather. We ate outside in the frosty air, only a few yards from that bowl-shaped abyss which had so filled me with awe the last time I stood on its rim. I had been uncertain then as to what I might find at the end of the trail. Now I knew that there were floods, and falling columns of stone; that the thermometer soared to one hundred and seventeen degrees and forgot to come down. But I [18] knew also that a kindly, trusting people lived there—a people gifted with native wisdom, warm with laughter and carefree play; and children who needed an uncrowded school, offering better opportunities for adjustment to the alien culture we were thrusting upon them. And there were canyon walls with their guarded secrets—one of them a sealed cave filled with the ancient arms and tools of Those of Old.

I climbed to the wagon seat for the two-day drive to Seligman,

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133 This is where the ceremonial dances of the Havasupais
798 take place.

776 On the summit of the wall on the other side of the canyon from the Hue-gli-i-wa are two stone objects, one named Hue-a-pa-a, and the one farther down the canyon, Hue-pu-keh-i. These are great objects of reverence, for they represent the ancestors of the Havasupai race. Hue-a-pa-a — the man — has a child upon his back and two more by his side, and he is calling to his wife — Hue-pu-keh-i — to hurry along, as the baby is hungry and needs his dinner. The full breasts of the stone woman show that she is a nursing mother.

133 Slightly below these stone figures, and on the right-
712 hand side of the canyon, is the old fort, where in the days of fighting the Havasupais were wont to retire when attacked. The fort is impregnable on three sides, being precipitous, and on the fourth is accessible only up a narrow trail, which is guarded by piles of rocks which are ready to be tumbled, even by a woman, upon the heads of foes who attempt to ascend. The fortifications and stones for defence still remain, but it is many years since they were used for their original purposes.

000 One's mind becomes very active as he looks upon this tribe of Indians and thinks of their traditions, history, and life. So far, their almost entirely isolated
[648] condition has been their preservation, although, sad to say, much of their earlier contact with our civilization was not of the best character.

Even in this land of our boasted Christianity it is true that the strong prey upon the weak. The domination of physical force is giving way to the domination of mental force, but which is the greater evil? Why

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
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From leading Havasupais I learn that many years ago the various tribes of this region were at war one with another, until finally a treaty of peace was entered into and boundaries defined. The Paiutis were to remain in Nevada and Utah and not cross the Colorado River, the Wallapais had their region to the west of Havasu Canyon, the Mohaves, Hopis, Pimas, Apaches, Navahoes, Chimehuevis, and the rest their prescribed limits, over which they were not to go without permission from the chiefs into whose territory they wished to pass. And, generally speaking, this treaty has been observed.

Of the exquisitely beautiful waterfalls that give the commonly accepted name to Havasu Canyon, viz., Cataract Canyon, I have not space here to treat. I have already somewhat fully described them in my book on the Grand Canyon.

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sible — which their traditions say were once occupied by certain families, the names of which are still remembered. All throughout the Grand Canyon region, too, from the Little Colorado River to Havasu Canyon, their cliff-dwellings, and smaller cliff "corn-houses" and mescal pits, are to be found. Indeed, the Havasupais built all the trails that are now being claimed as the work of white men into the heart of the Grand Canyon. The Tanner-French trail, the Red Canyon trail, the old Hance trail, the Grand View, Bright Angel, and Mystic Spring trails, are all old Indian trails. Not only are the cliff-dwellings and mescal pits proof of this, but the Havasupais can tell the families to whom they originally belonged and to whom the rights in them have descended. These rights they rigidly adhere to. It is the white man who knows no law as far as the Indian is concerned, and little by little the aborigine has lost springs, water-pockets, and trails, and is regarded and treated as an unwelcome visitor.

By this it must not be inferred that the Indians built the trails as white men build. In the main their trails were rude paths such as the mountain sheep might make, but in every case they had one of these rude pathways down into the canyon somewhere near to where the modern trails are now located. At the Bright Angel this path was changed when white engineers took hold of it, and at Mystic Spring Mr. Bass had built an entirely new trail, down a different slope, long before he discovered the Indian trail. Both unite near two great natural rock-cisterns, and then deviate below, the Indian trail zigzagging to the left, while Mr. Bass engineered a new trail of easy grade on the talus to the right.

Some of the Havasupais are returning to the cliff-

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
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342 dwelling style of homes. My friend Wa-lu-tha-ma is forsaking his wood and brush "hawas," and constructing a house under the cliffs, where, as he quaintly puts it, he can "keep dry when much rain comes."

174 342 648 It seems to me a reasonable supposition that it was from the frequency of the occurrence of these corn-houses in the walls of Havasu (Cataract) Canyon, with the occasional appearance of a few of the larger houses used as dwellings by the Havasupais, that the absurd and romantic yarns had their origin that fifteen, or less, years ago, were current in Arizona and elsewhere about this interesting people. The cowboys, miners, prospectors, and others, who accidentally stumbled upon the upper entrance to the Havasu Canyon, and wandered down its meandering course for ten or forty miles, even to the village of the simple Havasupais, returned to civilization and propagated and circulated stories that out-Munchausened Munchausen. They said these people were cliff-dwellers, living at the present day in the walls of the canyon; they were of powerful physical presence, and possessed great endurance. Their fields and gardens were wonderful, and their peach orchards surpassed those of most civilized cultivation, and they held in slavery a lesser people, dwarfs or pigmies, doubtless, who were cliff-dwellers like themselves, and whom they compelled by great cruelty to perform the most arduous labors.

Others, having heard these stories, but whose spirit of adventure took them no farther than the "rim" of the canyon, claimed to have looked into the village and side canyons, and there seen the truth of these stories demonstrated. They had seen the pigmies and the gigantic Havasupais, had heard the harsh yells of the

latter at the former, and had seen the frantic endeavors of the little people to obey the stern behests of their masters. 174 342 648 ●

All these yarns are explained by the fact that the distance of view dimmed the vision; the pigmies were boys driving the burros or horses, yelling and shouting as Havasupai boys delight to do, the voices magnified fifty-fold by the echoing walls of the canyon, while the parents moved around attending to their own business, or looked on and occasionally helped by a shout of encouragement or suggestion. [857]

was often annoyed by finding, on his return from an absence of a few days, that Silver and the mule, one or both, had been taken from the pasture and ridden by the Indians. When he completed his trail across the river and finally established the ferry that bears his name — the only ferry, by the way, across the Grand Canyon, and the only one on the Colorado River between Lee's Ferry and the one below the mouth of the canyons — he decided to swim Silver and the mule across the river and keep them for use on the north side. When this was done Chickapanagie was present. With a twinkle in his eye he said: "Bass heap sopogie (understand). Havasupai no ride 'em Silvern, and Red Mule no more."

There is wide diversity in the attitude different members of the tribe hold towards the whites. Some are friendly, others openly hostile and ugly, while others merely receive strangers on sufferance as a necessary evil, useful for the purchase of baskets and such other things as they may have to dispose of.

Manakacha was elected to his kohot-ship because the majority of the men were in favor of keeping out the whites from Havasu Canyon, and he was ever averse to the white man.

Those, however, who are friendly, are good and true friends, as those who knew Hotouta, Spotty, and others who are gone can testify.

Spotty was a genial, kindly soul, with whom I had various dealings. He was intelligent and reliable in his intercourse with me, though a medicine-man and ready to dispense charms, incantations, and native medicines on the slightest pecuniary provocation. On one of my early trips to Havasu I negligently overlooked

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

609 taking a sufficient supply of extra films. What an idea! To start on such a trip and forget one's camera rolls. There were about thirty exposures left on my film and I was sure I should need two hundred and fifty. Indeed, long before I had reached the Havasupai village all the roll was exhausted, and no more pictures could be taken.

I was disgusted with my own want of forethought, and generally disgruntled, when lo! on sight of Spotty the idea occurred as if by inspiration: "Why not send Spotty for it?" No sooner suggested mentally than I broached the subject. The round trip was a good fifty-five to sixty miles, and much of the road up Havasu Canyon, and I must have the roll within twenty-four hours. Spotty's eye was on the main chance, and he at once expressed his willingness to go provided there was "enough in it." "How much you give me?" he inquired. I considered for a while, and then with a Pecksniffian air of benignant charity offered him "two dollar!" "Al lite, I go! Maybe so I go quick you catch 'em two dollars and a half?" he asked. I studied over it awhile before committing myself, and then queried "When you start, Spotty?" Looking up towards hue-a-pa-a (the man image) on the upper rim of the near canyon wall, he pointed. "I go when you see 'em *ha-ma-si-gu-va'-te* (the evening star)."

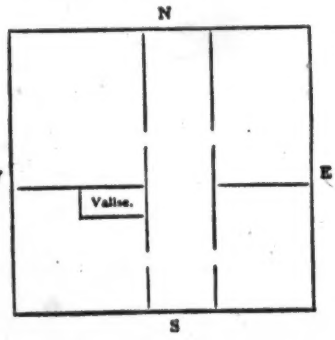
"When you come back?"

"I come back next day all same time you see 'em *ha-la'-ha* (the moon). Maybe so I come back sooner you see 'em, you give me two dollar half?"

A twenty-four hours' ride on horseback — nearly sixty miles — through a solitary country where his only company would be coyotes, mountain lions, and other

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

wild animals, and a large portion of it ridden in the dark night, for two dollars, with a bonus of fifty cents if the trip was made within twenty-four hours, — it was not extravagant pay, so I cheerfully acceded to his request for the bonus. But now came the difficulty of fully explaining to Spotty what I wanted, and where he could find it. The tent at Bass Camp was divided into five compartments, — two small rooms with canvas walls on either side of a long room which ran through the centre of the tent, its entire width. Making a plan of the tent on the ground, so, and giving him the compass points, I showed that my "all same white man's basket made of leather," viz., my valise, was in the northeast corner of the southwest room. The film was in the valise, but I also needed my ruby lamp, so I deemed it best for him to bring valise and lamp, which latter was separate. Off he went cheerfully and merrily, and two hours before the moon rose he was back at the camp with valise and lamp safe and secure. He received his bonus and we were both happy.



Like all other Indians, they used to have an abnormal dread of the camera.

One of my Havasupai friends, U-math-ka, thus stated his reasons for refusing to be photographed. With graphic gesture of horror and dread he said: "If you make my picture I die pretty soon. I look at the Sun. He get heap hot. I no breathe. I lie down. I die!"

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

Some of the skins are dressed with the hair on and are used for clothing, as sleeping mats, or are sold to the travellers at the trains or traded at the stores on the railway. But many of the better skins are carefully tanned and dressed and converted into buckskins, as before stated.

This, indeed, is one of their staple articles of trade, good buckskins fetching as high as five dollars and even ten dollars cash. I have several times seen a blanket for which I had offered eight dollars or ten dollars readily exchanged for a simple buckskin, and it is not an unusual occurrence to note a trade where a fair Navaho pony is given for a large and well-dressed skin.

The outside Indians that the Havasupais are familiar with are the friendly Wallapais, whom they call their cousins, the Hopis and the Navahoes. They have often had wars with the hated Mohaves, Apaches, and Paiutis. The Chemhuevis, Pimas, and Maricopas are their distant, little known, but accepted friends. Far-away Zuni is Si-u, and still farther Acoma is Ac-o-ca-va, and though intercourse with the people of these villages is rare, it has always been friendly.

For the grazing and watering of their horses and other stock each head of a family has a certain region allotted to him, over the boundaries of which he may not allow his stock to wander, except when removing them or by special permission. Manakacha, the head Kohot, takes the range formerly owned or controlled by Captain Navaho, the late Kohot, viz., the region of Black Tanks. Rock Jones (the chief medicine-man) has Topocobya Canyon and the plateau above as far as the other side of the Grand Canyon towards the Mystic Spring Trail, where begins the territory of Vesna, Captain Burro, and

231 Chickapanagie. This includes the south banks of the
423 Grand Canyon towards the Little Colorado River and including the Mystic Spring, the Bright Angel, the Grand View, Hance's old and the Red Canyon Trails, in the neighborhood of which, for centuries, the Havasupais have been descending. Indeed, it was the Havasupais who made the "Indian Gardens" that are so charming a feature of the Bright Angel Trail. Sinyela has the upper part of Havasu Canyon reaching to Bass's camp at the Caves, named by the Havasupais Wai-a-mel. Uta and Waluthama have the lower portion of Havasu Canyon, around to the head of Beaver Canyon and all the territory on the south side as far as Hack-a-tai-a—the Colorado River.

Thus there are no disputes arising over the wrongful
577 pasturage of stock, as each Indian regards himself as
578 bound by the strictest ties of honor not to deviate from these established and long-observed boundaries.

As I have before stated, the Havasupais at one time
131 owned the whole of the Kohonino Forest region and
423 also the trails into Hack-a-tai-a (the Grand Canyon). From time immemorial they have hunted from Havasu (Cataract) Canyon to the Little Colorado, and, of course, have had access to the water pockets, or rock tanks, in which rain water accumulates all along this dry and springless region. In talking with one of the In-
648 dians recently he asked me if the Great Father at Washington could do nothing for him and his people so that they might still continue to use the water pockets of their ancestral hunting-ground. He said, "You sabe Ha-ha-poo-ha (Rain Tank) and Ha-wai-i-tha-qual-ga (Rowe's Well) and Ha-ga-tha-wa-di-a (the water hole near Hance's Camp) and Ha-ha-i-ga-sa-jul-ga (Red

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

Horse Tank), Havasupai use these water holes when him go hunt deer and antelope. Now white man him come and say, 'D— you, you get away. I've got no water for any blanked Indian.' We no catch 'em water, we no go hunt, and we no go hunt we no catch 'em deer and antelope and jack rabbit, and by-em-by our squaws and boys and gels go heap hungry. Maybe so you see 'em Great Father at Washington and you tell him, and ask him what Havasupai do."

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CHAPTER I

GEOGRAPHICAL AND CULTURAL SETTING

This study of the Havasupai woman begins by placing her in the perspective of her environment, which includes both natural habitat and tribal culture. In sketching the cultural background, new material, mostly pertaining to the recent historic period, will be added to that which has been published about the Havasupai, and differences in opinion on certain points, which are evident among previous observers of the people, will be discussed. 121

Natural Environment

The former range of the Havasupai included a section of the Coconino Plateau about 90 mi. long and 75 mi. wide, extending from the Colorado River gorge south to Bill Williams Mountain and the San Francisco Peaks, bounded on the west by Aubrey Cliffs and on the east by the benches of Coconino Plateau above the Little Colorado River (Spier 1928, 91). 131

The Havasupai now describe essentially the same former boundaries as those ascribed to them by Spier except on the east, where some of them include in their territory land east of the Little Colorado River. However, in their land claim against the United States Government, they are not asking compensation for land beyond the Little Colorado. In a personal communication, their attorney, Royal D. Marks, describes the former eastern boundary as being on a line from the San Francisco Mountains northeast and north to the junction of the Little Colorado River and the Moencopie Wash, and from there northwest along the Little Colorado to its confluence with the Colorado. [648]

Boundaries of former territory probably were defined by the Havasupai only in vague terms. On the west they often camped with the Walapai, but they seem to have been in no frequent contact with tribes on other boundaries until the latter half of the 19th century. Certainly before that there was little competition for their hunting and gathering resources except with the Walapai. [101]

Rarely does a cultural group inhabiting such a small area have an environment which varies as greatly as does that of the Havasupai. With the possibilities presented them by nature, the Havasupai long ago developed a dichotomous economy which provided improved subsistence and indeed made possible a larger population within the region. Therefore, an understanding of this rather unique physical setting, with its implications for Havasupai cultural development, is essential to this study. 133

Topography

The most striking characteristic of the area is the topography--a broad plateau bounded by a sweep of mountains to the southeast and a deep canyon

133 731 In January, 1911, the most disastrous flood of historic times funneled melted snow resulting from a sudden thaw on the plateau and higher canyons into the confines of Cataract Canyon. A churning roar from the advancing waters signaled reservation residents, who made a predawn flight to the talus slopes. A wall of water smashed through the village, leveling primitive hogans and stone government buildings alike and sweeping away crops, food [657] stores, and personal possessions. Since that time some measures have been employed by the Office of Indian Affairs, without complete success, to contain the creek in a permanent channel as it flows through the village area.

[312] An irrigation system, installed about 30 years ago, repeatedly has suffered major damage from floods. The Indian Service plans to install new diversion headings and to build three large aqueducts with permanent footings. This is expected to stabilize the present irrigation system and to add a few more acres to land now being farmed (Kelly 1953, 56).

133 [648] About a mile downstream from the village, Havasu Creek tumbles in a series of waterfalls which attract tourists. The scenic aspect of Cataract Canyon in recent years has become an economic asset and a precipitator of increasing Havasupai-white contacts.

133 311 731 Travertine terraces deposited at the crest of a waterfall eventually divert the falls to another location. A severe flood in 1952 destroyed a 50 ft. fall, lowered the creek channel for some distance upstream and rendered useless the irrigation system servicing fields in the vicinity. Additional floods over the next few years further deepened the river channel, washing out adjacent fields and leaving others without water. However, some new gardens are now being planted at lower levels along the stream where land can be reclaimed.

439 648 Since the two most spectacular waterfalls are beyond the reservation boundary, concern is felt by the Havasupai that their budding tribal cooperative tourist enterprise may be doomed. Private business interests may be able to bypass the reservation area by providing transportation into the canyon at the falls and establishing tourist accommodations there.

Climate, Plants and Animals

132 Records of a climatological substation operated at Supai for 14 years between 1899 and 1930 reveal a maximum annual precipitation of 13.87 inches and minimum of 4.50 inches, averaging 8.89. Precipitation was highest in February, July and August (Martin and Kincer 1933, Section 25, p. 14).

Temperatures in Cataract Canyon are consistently higher throughout the year than on the plateau. Snow seldom reaches the canyon floor, but freezing occurs in the coldest months. On sunny winter days when canyon air is cool, the warmest areas are southern exposures along the top of the talus

Tribal Origin and Classification

Spier (1928, 98) states that the Havasupai probably originated as a branch of the Walapai tribe, practicing more intensive agriculture than the latter and subsequently occupying lands favorable to farming. The Havasupai feel more akin to the Walapai than to other neighboring tribes. In historic times the boundary between the contiguous areas occupied by the Havasupai and the Walapai on the Coconino Plateau was ill defined, and members of both tribes frequently met and camped together. At present, there is a higher rate of intermarriage with the Walapai than with any other tribe.

The close association and prevailing friendly relations between the two tribes in historic times are reflected in tribal lore, which allies them as victims of other tribes in warfare and raiding and as partners in retaliatory expeditions. The origin myths and much other folklore of the two tribes are almost identical in content.

While the Walapai and Havasupai dialects are very similar, members of both tribes are conscious of certain differences in vocabulary and speed of utterance, the Havasupai speaking more slowly.

Thus, evidence seems to indicate a common origin for the two tribes. Whiting (n. d., 11) suggests that designation of the Havasupai as a tribe independent of the Walapai "was probably only an accident of administrative history." However, separation occurred early enough to permit development of a group consciousness in both the Havasupai and the Walapai tribes.

Kroeber (1947, 41) describes seven subtribes or bands within the Walapai tribe. "The Havasupai," he writes, "look like a Walapai band or subtribe which has acquired somewhat greater ethnic, cultural, and historic independence" than the other seven.

Spier (1929, 217) classed the Havasupai culture as primarily Great Basin in type with a minor inclusion of Pueblo traits. Kroeber (1947, 42) notes that Havasupai resemblance to Great Basin culture lies not only "in considerable specific content, but especially in similar meagerness of defined patterns." Kelly (1953, 10) designates the Havasupai a Plateau Rancheria tribe along with the Walapai, Yavapai, Paiute, and Chemehuevi. Kroeber (1947, 41) simply classes the Havasupai, Walapai, and Yavapai together as Northwest Arizona Yumans.

Douglas W. Schwartz has made an archeological survey of Cataract Canyon. Basing his conclusions principally upon pottery classification and analysis, Schwartz postulates that the Havasupai are descendants of the Cohonino people who, according to him, occupied the Coconino Plateau from A. D. 600 to A. D. 1200 and migrated to Cataract Canyon, beginning about

spellings, the name possibly being derived from the Zuni term for the Havasupai, ka'nina (Spier, 1928, 98). From this source the county where the Havasupai live received the name Coconino. 101 114 197

Intertribal Contacts

As already noted, Havasupai association with the Walapai has been longer and more intimate than with any other tribe, and intermarriage occurs with much greater frequency than with any other group. Few Havasupai families are without consanguine relatives among the Walapai. An elderly man, Shorty Montoya, was pointed out as being "the only true Supai" (that is, he had no ancestors known to have belonged to the Walapai or other tribes). 101 648

Contact with the Yavapai was limited to Yavapai raids upon the Havasupai and retaliatory attacks by the Havasupai until about 1865, when the two tribes agreed to cease hostilities in favor of trade (Spier 1928, 375). Western Apache groups probably joined Yavapai parties raiding the Havasupai (Spier 1928, 356), and raids are generally attributed to them, rather than to the Yavapai. 648 721

The earliest encounters with the Navaho in 1864 (Spier 1928, 95) were somewhat hostile, but trading and friendly relations developed in succeeding years. Similarly, reports indicate that early relations with the Paiute were hostile, but by 1856 (Spier 1928, 360) some Paiutes had taken refuge in Havasupai and Walapai country. Subsequently the three tribes became friendly. A small number of intertribal marriages took place. 648 439

The Havasupai have had a long history of trade with the Hopi. Informants stress that the Hopi are like brothers to them. However, intermarriage has been infrequent. [582]

Spier (1928, 100, 244-5) notes that the Mohave were on the western end of a trade route running through the Walapai, Havasupai, and Navaho lands to the Hopi mesas. Havasupai contact with the Mohave was mostly through the Walapai, but Havasupai sometimes made trading trips to the Mohave.

Political and Social Organization

Leadership formerly rested with chiefs, who achieved office through inheritance or personal merit. Chiefs had no power to command; rather, they acted as advisers and leaders. Succession of chiefs was not automatic and did not necessarily follow immediately upon death of a chief. A period of months or even years might elapse before tribal opinion united upon a successor. 622

The Economy, Old and New

The Precontact Pattern

Before pressures of the white culture were felt, the Havasupai wintered on the plateau. Men, singly or in small groups, went there on summer hunting trips. Whiting (n. d., 61) suggests that the Havasupai "conceive of their agriculture as something incidental, a supplement to a nonagricultural way of life." Whiting points out that even today, when farming is virtually their only resource, Havasupai do not take pride in their fields as Pueblo farmers do, regarding the land rather as a confining element which restricts their freedom. He states further (p. 53) that, in the prehistoric economy, neither agricultural produce nor the wild food supply was available in sufficient quantity to sustain the population, and that it was essential for each family to supplement hunting and gathering activities by farming. This view evokes the question of how the neighboring Walapai survived in a similar environment with virtually no farming.

Whiting's thesis is in contradition to Spier's that the Havasupai are so largely agriculturists that the "loss of a crop may mean a famine year" (Spier 1928, 101). Wild food plants were primarily a winter supplement to field products. Spier notes further (p. 108) that hunting is "a man's second occupation, for he relies mainly on his field products."

Perhaps the difference Whiting discerns between Pueblo and Havasupai attitudes toward farming is in part a result of natural environment. Certainly, Pueblo farmers must pit their ingenuity against desert aridity to win a harvest, while a seed dropped in a Cataract Canyon field will grow with only occasional attention from the farmer.

When adverse conditions brought Havasupai subsistence to a dangerously low level, as occasionally happened, some families would go to live with friends or relatives among the Hopi and Walapai. In turn, the Havasupai were hosts to families from both these tribes in years of bountiful harvest.

Spier (1928, 99-100) reported that the Havasupai journeyed from the plateau to the canyon in early spring, planting activities beginning in mid-April. In summer, everyone, except those who were away on trading trips, lived in the canyon village. Corn ripened for use by the middle of June, and the harvest continued until September, when other domestic crops and wild plant foods were also harvested and prepared for winter storage. By the middle of October, family groups were drifting back to semipermanent winter camps on the plateau.

When families were camped in Cataract Canyon, women made frequent gathering trips to the Esplanade. A number of springs there served as focal points for camps of certain families. Ownership of the various springs was vested in specific individuals, and both the springs and the surrounding land were inherited.

311 [231] were inherited. The Esplanade seems to have been used with increasing frequency after the Havasupai acquired horses in some numbers. Even today, with cultivated alfalfa, only a few horses can be kept in the canyon. Owners of horses and cattle pasture their animals on range lands set aside for that purpose on the plateau. However, the Esplanade, located nearer [131] Supai, and eroded into a series of blocks by ravines which can be crossed only at their upper ends near the base of the Whitewall, made convenient pasture which required no fencing and thus could be utilized individually.

Economic Transition

●648 Early Havasupai contacts with the white man were infrequent and made little or no impact upon Havasupai economy for almost 100 years. Spier (1928, 83) reports that the Havasupai were discovered by Padre Francisco Garcés, who spent a few days in Cataract Canyon in 1776. Only two or three parties of white men made face to face contact with the tribe during the following century. Whiting (n. d., 19) considers the few Spanish influences which filtered to the Havasupai to have been passed primarily along established prehistoric trade routes, especially the one between the Hopi and the Havasupai. Cessation of Spanish activity was followed about 1830 by entrance of American trappers, and a little later by American exploratory expeditions into the area.

The first significant contact between Havasupai and white Americans involved prospectors and miners who entered Cataract Canyon following the 1863 discovery of gold in the Prescott area. By 1880, a lead deposit had been located below Havasupai farm lands in the vicinity of the waterfalls. [135] Mining activity so near the agricultural area posed a threat to Havasupai economy, and quick action by military authorities brought about establishment of a reservation that same year (Whiting, n. d., 20). The initial mining operation failed because of transportation difficulties, but this did not mark the end of prospecting or mining attempts in Cataract Canyon.

On the plateau, the Havasupai were being squeezed in a pincers between the Walapai on the west, who had forced them from Mono Canyon and adjoining lands, and the Navaho on the east, who were invading the area between the Hopi mesas and the Havasupai camps. For a time, the Walapai and Navaho tribes had served as buffer groups between the Havasupai and direct white pressure, but eventually cattlemen moved into the Havasupai plateau range. Tourist interest in Grand Canyon furnished another pressure [657] point (Whiting, n. d., 20). Establishment of a subagency and a day school in Cataract Canyon in 1895 marked the beginning of a period of increased isolation for the tribe. Families were induced to remain in the canyon while their children attended school. (Informants state that for a number of years the school year included the summer months, with a recess during the coldest winter months.)

Encroachments on their range reduced the quantity of wild plant foods and game, and as agriculture alone had never been adequate to maintain the population, their circumstances were regarded as cirtical both by Havasupai and white men who agreed that the group was verging on extinction (Whiting, n. d., 21). Population has remained stable, however, with exception of relatively minor fluctuations. Curtailment of wild food supplies somewhat increased importance of domestic crops, but tribal subsistence remained at a minimum level. Diet of the children was supplemented by a school lunch program initiated with establishment of a day school. The tribe, as a group and on a family basis, has received some government assistance in periods of crisis.

About 1940 the Havasupai tribe received a grant of $10,000 under the Indian Rehabilitation program. This sum was invested in the Havasupai Development Enterprise, a tribal cooperative program designed to aid in development of tribal resources, consisting of farm lands and a scenic area. Havasupai need for a grocery store and a source of monetary income to individual families were factors determining program organization. Accordingly, the enterprise was divided into three activities, a tourist enterprise, a tribal grocery store, and a farming enterprise (development of farm lands and methods, and tribal purchase of a tractor to be rented by individuals). Subsidiary to these three activities, a packing enterprise facilitates their operation and also provides some income for reservation families (O. G. Barnard, 1951, and V. C. Collins, 1958, personal interviews).

Kelly (1953, 56) placed the median annual income for all families (meaning those residing primarily in Supai) as under $300. According to Kelly, of a total of 34 families, 19 received total support from welfare and one received partial support in the fiscal year of 1952. The 20 families receiving aid would include households with dependent, orphaned or illegitimate children and aged or infirm persons. Financial assistance is given under the categories of Aid to Dependent Children, Aid to the Blind, Old Age Assistance, Social Security, and General Assistance, the latter fund designated for disabled persons who do not qualify in other categories. Such families almost invariably do some gardening and may, in addition, receive aid from relatives outside their camp group in the form of labor or gifts of garden produce or other commodities. Kelly found 14 families self supporting, three from reservation resources, and 11 from outside wage work. It is significant that not one family was self supporting from farming alone.

Families economically sustained from reservation resources no doubt were among those of the following Havasupai employed by the government or tribe; agency packer, mail carrier, postmaster, school laborer, school cook, and tribal business manager. O. G. Barnard, formerly a resident agent, quoted the following monthly salaries for some of these positions in 1951: Havasupai Development Enterprise manager (at that time including the jobs of tourist manager, storekeeper, and supervisor of farm machinery), $65; postmaster, $70; mail carrier, $300; government packer, average of

Summary

This, then, is the setting for the present day life of the Havasupai woman. Her immediate environment lies within the confines of Cataract Canyon, striking in beauty and once considered rich in life-sustaining resources. Now, however, with tribal lands mainly restricted to the canyon, and given a stabilized or increasing population and a change in economy, the former richness of Cataract Canyon has become modest indeed. It is inadequate for the number of people living there. 131 133

While the canyon home is of primary importance to the Havasupai, it by no means excludes alien influences and pressures. Even very aged Havasupai women leave the canyon with some frequency, sometimes remaining for weeks or months with relatives or friends in neighboring towns or on other reservations. It is a common misconception of visitors to Supai that the tribe lives in isolation. It must be stressed that the Havasupai see and learn much more of the outside world than white Americans ever know of the Havasupai. 574 648

Havasupai women of middle age, probably without exception, have had some formal schooling. Most of them attended boarding school for several years. Among the young adults, many of the women have one or more years of high school. At present, youngsters spend the entire school year living at schools outside the canyon and separated from their parents. 871

Havasupai women are in touch with white American culture through radio, movies, popular records, mail order catalogues, magazines, and, more emphatically, through influences of the resident agent and missionary families, other personnel rendering services to them, and face to face contact with white people in neighboring communities as well as visitors to the reservation. 177 648

The cultural heritage of the Havasupai woman was that of a farming and hunting people, seasonally migratory and somewhat less bound to the land than were their Pueblo neighbors. The tribal culture was so unformalized as to be characterized by its meagerness of content and also by the seeming indifference or inattention to the ideal with which the Havasupai followed specific cultural patterns. While tribal traditions continue to filter from one generation to the next, customs and the body of folk knowledge are becoming much attenuated among the younger generations and are often eclipsed by foreign influences. It might be said that the young Havasupai woman of today stands with her cultural heritage as much a part of her as the shadow which extends behind her, but her mind is literally turned toward a new culture which she accepts readily as she is able to comprehend its usefulness to her. 178 182

525 177 most, thus accommodating quite a number of players. In this instance, it was the woman and not her husband who arranged the games, owned the cards, and received the profit.

Anyone, male or female, was at liberty to invite players to his home and regularly "operate" card games if he or she could attract interested persons. Apparently, there was little competition for this position. Players seemed to have a tacit agreement to patronize a particular person who made it known that he wished to act as gambling host.

[625] By the summer of 1958, public card games had been abandoned under pressure from the agent and the Indian policeman, but there was a hint that now and then players assembled at some secluded spot or secretly played in a private home. The men, however, openly played their native hidden ball game, and apparently no attempt was made to stop them.

Dancing

[535] [562] Women participate in all dances now performed by the Havasupai. In former times they were excluded only from the masked dance described by Spier (1928, 266-7) and which today is referred to as a rain dance.

Raiding

721 648 [562] Only one instance is reported in which a woman took part in a raiding party. The woman's name in translation was White Hair, and she was the "grandmother" (mother's mother's sister) of Pete Mulgullo, now deceased.

Once when many families were camped near their fields in Cataract Canyon, a party of four or five Havasupai men, including a son of White Hair, went hunting in the vicinity of Topocoba Hilltop. After killing many mountain sheep, they went into a cave to sleep before the long journey home. While they slept, a party of about eight Apaches surprised them, killing all but one of the hunters, a man who outran them among the rocks.

When this man returned to the canyon, he told the people that the hunting party had killed many sheep but he said nothing about the Apache raid. The people waited for the other hunters to return, and after about 10 days, they suspected that Apaches had killed them. (No explanation can be given by present informants regarding this strange silence of the survivor except that "he just didn't want to tell it.")

721 562 One man went in search of the hunters and found them all dead. Alone, he heaped their bodies up and burned them. When he returned to the canyon with his report, White Hair, at that time an old woman, became very angry at the Apaches. Arousing some of the men, she set out as leader of a revenge raiding party to track the killers of her son. Mounted on horses, the

586 A Hopi woman divorces her husband merely by setting his personal ef-
562 fects outside the door and he has no alternative but to leave. A Hopi man initiates divorce by moving back to his mother's house. A Havasupai woman, on the other hand, in earlier days, could not divorce her husband
[177] without his consent, but she could be turned out at his will. Today, in the acculturation situation, a Havasupai woman can divorce her husband.

A Hopi woman, in crisis, is secure with home and land owned by herself or her mother and is assured that male relatives will assist with farming labor. In contrast, upon divorce or widowhood, a Havasupai woman with few exceptions, finds herself dispossessed and thrust into a position of dependence upon some new group where her presence and that of her children may be welcome or unwelcome but is almost sure to be economically burdensome. She has no economic assets aside from her own ability to work, and oftentimes she may find her dependence upon relatives emotionally disturbing to both them and herself.

562 Among the seminomadic and polygynous Navaho and also among the sedentary Hopi, women are in a strong social position by virtue of the matrilineal clan system and matrilocal residence. Navaho women, in addition, are economically favored through their ownership of sheep and their industry in blanket weaving or rug weaving. Havasupai women own no prop-
[423] erty comparable to sheep, and their income from basketweaving has not been exploited to the point of significant monetary reward.

562 While the Havasupai had some association with the Navaho and maintained very friendly trade relations with the Hopi under aboriginal conditions,
648 their closest neighbors were the Walapai and, in one or two periods, they
[439] also associated rather closely with the Paiute (Kroeber, 1935, and Ramon Dangerfield, personal interview, 1956). The position of women in the Walapai tribe is almost identical with that of Havasupai women, except that Walapai women can become shamans and, perhaps, participate more freely in singing, dancing, and other social diversions. Paiute women, apparently, also occupied a position very similar to that of Havasupai women.

In comparing herself with Walapai or Paiute women, whom she was most likely to know well under aboriginal conditions, the Havasupai woman may have seen nothing to excite her envy or admiration. The situation probably differed, however, in her view of Hopi and Navaho women. The ex-
[582] treme rarity of intermarriage between the Havasupai and the Hopi or Navaho may well have been traceable to the difference in inheritance and residence patterns and the consequently less favorable position of women in the Havasupai tribe. Apparently the present contrast with white women has done
[177] most to arouse dissatisfaction among Havasupai women. Education and economic opportunities now open to Havasupai women are combining to change their roles and enlarge their rights.

The Havasupai

IN Cataract Canyon, within the boundaries of the Grand Canyon National Park, nearly three thousand feet below the land above, live the Havasupai Indians. Hemmed in by towering walls of red sandstone the acreage of their reservation is very small but its fertility, spectacular scenery, and unusual setting as a habitation for man ranks it as one of the most remarkable places in Arizona. 131

The original reservation of 1880 was a tract of land about five miles wide and twelve long surrounding the inhabited part of Cataract Canyon. Two years later the size was reduced to the irregular strip of canyon bottom land extending a mile and a half north and south of the Indian settlement, an area of 518.6 acres. The population is also small. The Indian Bureau census of 1939 shows two hundred thirteen members, a slight increase in recent years. The tribe has probably never numbered more than three hundred. 161 [174]

Cataract Canyon is almost semi-tropical. The high plateaus of the surrounding country have a temperate climate but the village, shut in as it is, averages from ten to twelve degrees warmer the year round. In summer it is very hot, the temperature often reaching one hundred and twelve degrees. 132

Through the canyon's gorge runs Cataract Creek which plunges over precipitous cliffs forming several beautiful waterfalls. Mooney Falls, the largest is nearly two hundred feet high. Passing through miles of limestone formations the water is heavily impregnated with calcium and magnesium carbonates, calcium sulphate, and magnesium chloride. These mineral salts in solution over a period of time, coat everything they touch with a stony deposit and impart a light tinge to the water which imparts a light blue or greenish blue to the creek. Where the water gathers in pools at the foot of the falls, it is a fascinating turquoise color. 133 135

Taking their name from the water of the creek, these Indians have become known as the blue-water people (Havasu, blue or green water; pai, people). 101

The Havasupai speak a language of the Yuman stock, and are closely allied to the Hualapai their near neighbors on the west. They speak a similar language, having a slight variation of dialect. Hualapai, Havasupai, and Yavapai are dialects of a single language which is closely related to Mohave and Yuman. 197

HISTORY

Archaeologists have believed the Havasupai formerly built and occupied villages of a permanent character on the Colorado to the east of the San Francisco Mountains where ruins may be found today. As a result of war with other tribes they abandoned these villages and took refuge in the San Francisco mountains subsequently leaving these for their present home. In Cataract Canyon they found plenty of water, a mild climate, and protection from the raids of more powerful tribes. Recent evidence would seem to show that this is not correct, although the information here given is to be found in Hodge, Handbook of American Indians. 174 [114]

The first written record of the Havasupai dates from 1776 when Padre Francisco Garces, a Spanish mission priest, stopped there. There was little contact of the tribe with the Americans for the next hundred years, except for an occasional visit of trappers, prospectors, and exploring parties. 175

For several years following the establishment of the reservation 175 648

175 boundary in 1882 the Government took no active interest in the Hava-
648 supai. In 1892 a government farmer was sent to instruct them in better methods of farming and the use of metal implements.

439 For many years the Havasupai have carried on an inter-tribal trade with the Navaho and Hopi, obtaining blankets, wool, and silver work in exchange for dressed skins, and agricultural products. The Hualapai on the west trade many of their raw deer hides to the Havasupai in exchange for the Navaho and Hopi goods in addition to fruit and vegetables.

ECONOMICS

262 The present Havasupai food supply is based principally on agricultural products and meat. Corn, beans, and squash are the staples, supplemented by onions, tomatoes, melons, and other garden vegetables. Beans are of two kinds, navy and pinto—the latter a red spotted bean. The fruit crops are peaches, nectarines, apricots, and figs.
[175 Peaches are said to have been introduced by John D. Lee, a Mormon,
[177 who lived as a fugitive among these people for several years following
233 1857. Meat in the early days was obtained by hunting, but today most of it is from their herds of range cattle.

592 The economic unit is the household, usually consisting of parents, children, and unattached close relatives. These small groups are closely bound into large ones by blood ties. This grouping is based on, or at least correlated, with the inheritance of land on the one hand
[428 and the temporary matrilocal residence on the other. Sometimes sev-
591 eral generations of these people live close together and work together, but each married couple and the progeny are regarded as a distinct
[591 unit. Some young couples build a home soon after they marry, but it is customary for them to live with the wife's parents until they have a home of their own.

428 Property descends through the male line. If a man dies his effects do not descend to his wife but to his sons. The sons may hold land or stock undivided for years until they have families of their own whose diverse interests make division necessary. The widow and unmarried daughters do share in the use of the land; but they cannot
[768 lay claim to it, since the widow's relatives and the daughter's children never inherit it from them. If a widow hastily re-marries, her "use" interest is lost, reverting to the other heirs. Should there be no direct heirs, the property goes to the dead man's brothers or their male descendants.

423 When not living out of the canyon in the winter, the Indians live in a section of the canyon not much more than a mile in length. Ownership of the arable land is communal. Every family has a piece of land, which is recognized as belonging to it by the rest of the tribe. By established custom the land is inherited and may be sold to a fellow tribesman. One peculiar condition that caused some trouble in the past was the ownership by one Havasupai of fruit trees growing on the lands in possession of another, brought about, it was reported, by certain complications in inheritance.

422 A short distance above Supai village Walapai Canyon branches off to the west. In the upper end is grazed a herd of individually owned cattle. The men visit the herd occasionally to bring in a beef to the
[433 settlement. The meat of the animal is sold or traded and is eaten in
25 a day or two, there being no means of keeping meat other than as jerky.

Horses and cattle are owned and herded by the men alone. The men are also the owners of the house and land on which it stands. Property, such as a man's tools, buckskins, weapons, saddle, and perhaps a charm and a mask; a woman's field tools, baskets, cooking uten-

THE HAVASUPAI

fist are spread over this to a depth of about five inches. A fire is then built and allowed to burn until the wood is nearly consumed and the stones are red hot. Several men pound on the pile to reduce it to about ten inches below the surface of the ground. The women have the mescal piled around the pit conveniently at hand. The pit is divided in sections among several families; when the mescal is put in it, some plants are placed on edge to mark these divisions; the others are packed in betweeen. The mescal is covered with grass, canvas, or gunny sacks—and over the top a layer of wet sand is thrown. Forty-eight hours is the usual time required for roasting mescal. Occasionally some of it is dried and ground into a meal from which several dishes are prepared. 252

The fruit of the prickly pear cactus ripens in September and is gathered in great quantities. The fruit is broken off with tongs, rolled in the sand with a brush of twigs, and finally rubbed with a piece of cloth to remove the spines completely. Basketsful are carried home, the fruits opened and spread on arrow-weed mats to dry in the sun. 222 [251]

The fruit of the yucca ripens in September and is found in abundance on the land above the canyon. A layer of this is arranged on a bed of dry sticks, about three feet in diameter. The sticks are fired until the rind of the fruit is burned black, then it is removed, thrown into a pile, and sprinkled with water. The burned rind is removed and the seeds separated from the pulp. The pulp is spread to dry on a layer of grass or Mormon Tea sprigs. The dried yucca sheet is folded and stored. Pieces are broken off and eaten dry or they may be cooked. 222 252

The Havasupai women take pride in their hair, washing it weekly in a yucca suds—a soap substitute made from the roots of the narrow leaved yucca pounded into a pulpy mass and dried. After being thus washed, the hair is soft and glossy. 515 824

The Havasupi house *(hawa)* cannot be classed as either a wickiup or *hogan*. Some are built of willow brush, conical shaped like a tepee; others are constructed like a tent with horizontal ridge pole at the top and a few are built with straight brush walls and a flat roof covered with dirt and thatch. Floors are of dirt and are not treated in any way. The loose sand and trash that accumulates is swept back from the center of the house against the walls and after a time the structure appears to cover a slight depression. Saddles, hides, and other possessions are pushed into corners. Many of the belongings are stored in paper cartons and lug boxes. The cooking is done on a wood burning stove or open fireplace in the middle of the floor, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. Living in their remote canyon where everything has to be packed in on horses over a steep winding trail, the Havasupai have few modern household goods. 342 [354] [352] [354]

At night, blankets or small thin mattresses are spread on the ground to provide beds. In the morning, all the bedding is rolled like a cowboy's bed roll and piled along the wall. A few families own modern beds, but the ground is generally used. Beds are usually placed with the head to the east; in this position the sleeper will be free from troublesome dreams, will rest well, and arise refreshed. 513 [177]

Some years ago the government built for the Havasupai a number of two-room frame cottages, but the Havasupai would not give up their old ways. They stored their farm tools, melons, squash, and other supplies in the frame houses and continued to live in thatched houses close by. Today most of these houses are occupied by the Indians at least a part of the year, but some claim the government built houses are too hot in summer and too cold in winter. 177 342 648

The construction of these houses probably has had something to do with the diminishing custom of storing surplus food supplies in cavities in the rock high up on the canyon wall. In olden times each family had its own storage chamber which was sealed up with rocks and mud 343 423

755 disease which he exhibits to the crowd that gathers to help sing the evil
756 spirits out of the sick.

If a *shaman* does not have success in curing a patient another may be called and both work at the same time. Calling in a second does not arouse professional jealousy or cause ill feeling between them. One may sing a few nights, then the other.

756 In former times an unsuccessful *shaman*, and particularly one who
686 had failed for a long time, might be killed by a close relative of the patient who died.

527 The peach Dance is the one general dance of the year and is per-
535 formed in the early fall at the end of August or the beginning of September and occupies two or three days and nights. To some extent it is a
[782 prayer for rain and prosperity, but the social side predominates. At
648] this time Hualapai, Hopi, and Navaho visitors come to share the abundance and to trade. The several days festivities furnish the principal diversion of the year.

527 The dance ground is cleared by men and boys who pile the brush about the edges making a sort of enclosure. People begin to arrive in the early afternoon, the men smoke, the younger Indians play games; the women not engaged in preparing food for the subsequent feast gossip and soothe restless babies. By mid-afternoon the entire village, with the exception of a few very old women or those who are sick, arrive. The chief directs a place cleared to receive the food, arranges so the men may eat, and distributes the remainder of the food among the women and children. At the conclusion of the feast, the chiefs address moral discourses to the women and children and urge all present to take part in the dance and festivities. By the time the chiefs have finished their speeches the heat of the day has abated and the dancing commences.

535 A pole is put up in the center of the dance ground, the drummer and song leader stands facing the pole. He wears a fox or coyote skin hanging from the bag of his belt; the upper part of his face, painted brown, resembles a mask. The dancers form a circle, join hands and stand while singing the phrases several times until every one gets the
[533] rhythm, then they begin dancing with a short, shuffling side step. The drummer and song leader usually stands inside the circle and beats time, one drum beat marks each step. The dance continues until the circle has returned to its initial position several times. Then there is a brief intermission and the dancers change positions. During each
[623] intermission the chiefs harangue the crowd and urge them to dance. Generally the dancing does not become spirited until after two or three hours. At times as many as fifty people are dancing. Young children often take part and catch the rhythm immediately.

527 As the dance continues, a masked man makes his appearance from
535 the bushes. He is nude except for the breech cloth. His body is painted
626 in black and white horizontal stripes. A white cloth mask is worn over his head and drawn in about the neck, having sticks, to which feathers are attached, fixed like horns. Round mouth and eye holes are cut and marked on the face. In his hands he carries willow branches. He looks over the crowd seated in groups on the ground and picks out some one and compels him to join the circle and dance, thus conveying the idea that it is the duty of the Havasupai to dance and offer thanks for the bountiful crops. This masked figure also goes through a pantomine of shooting the crowd with a gun and pretends fear of them, all in a clownish manner. His function at every dance is to urge and whip the laggards and frighten them so they will dance.

527 The first two nights, the celebration usually breaks up about mid-
[535] night. The third and last night, the dancing continues until dawn. During the day the men and boys play games, practice wrestling, and run horse races while the women and girls prepare and cook food for
[541 the feast held each day about sunset. The last day is usually spent in
648] horse racing with the Hopi and Navaho.

6: Schwartz A-5 (1953)1956
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hunting and gathering. As the whites moved into the upland area for cattle ranching, the territory of the Havasupai was gradually usurped. This movement of ranchers and farmers into the surrounding area may have forced the Apache and Yavapai to raid the Havasupai for food. On the other hand, their sporadic raiding may have been the continuation of an older pattern, on a less intensive scale. 175 [648]

Most of the articles of aboriginal manufacture were still being produced, such as pottery, clay pipes, stone knives, bone tools, fire drills and hearths, bows and arrows, basketry, skin clothing, etc. Three main architectural forms lasted from the preceding period: the brush structure, the rock shelter, and the talus top granary. Throughout this period many of the old customs, such as cremation, remained unchanged. 172

The old pattern of Hopi trade continued throughout the period, but the items which the Havasupai received shifted in part to white man's goods such as crockery, metal pans, guns, plants and cloth, replacing Hopi pottery, fabric and seed. 175 [439]

The main factors which caused changes in this period were the gradual increase in trade goods from the Americans and the shifts in Havasupai culture to accommodate them. The new traits were usually received through indirect contact, probably through the Hopi and the Walapai. For this reason the sixth period of Havasupai history has been termed one of diffusion, in contrast to the remainder of Havasupai history, which is characterized by acculturation.

Period VII — Anglo-Acculturation

The present period of Havasupai culture is a time of acculturation. It began with the establishment of the Havasupai Reservation in 1880, followed closely by the growth in Anglo population in the whole upland area due in part to the construction of the railroad, which reached Flagstaff about 1882. During the 80's and 90's the first popular accounts of the Havasupai began to appear (Cushing, 1882; Shufeldt, 1891; James, 1899), but the adventurers who wrote these accounts were preceded, as is usually the case, by prospectors, who unfortunately left no written records of their impressions. 175 648

In the late 1890's the federal government sent a farmer into the canyon, and shortly thereafter a school teacher. This was the beginning of intensive acculturation. The farmer introduced new and better tools, and perhaps a few modern farming methods. The first teacher and those who followed began the conversion to other parts of white culture, especially the English language. The school was also influential in changing the old pattern of plateau winter gathering, by gradually forcing the children to attend school during the winter. The increasing use of the upland area by white cattlemen also lessened its value to the Indians. 175 177 648

Clothing, which had already begun to change, now rapidly switched to the white man's garb, Southwestern variety. Moccasins were probably

6: Schwartz A-5 (1953) 1956
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177 the last item to change. The English language has not even yet been
648 completely adopted; Havasupai is still spoken in the homes, at play,
175 and at work. The present teacher (1954) has complained that, for this reason, the children forget most of their English vocabulary during the summer. English will be more widely used, however, with the increasing influence of schooling, the Saturday night cowboy movies, and the radios and phonographs.

A Havasupai village established by the Park Service near the Grand Canyon National Park settlement on the plateau now forms one of the main centers of Havasupai life and acculturation. The inhabitants work
464 either for the Park Service or for some other white firm concerned directly or indirectly with the Grand Canyon tourist business. The cash
439 income derived from this work and from the Havasupai's own tourist
432 trade in the canyon has radically changed their food patterns. Now they are able to, and do, buy food in the tribal store, which stocks the standard commodities. It is doubtful that canned soup or Hershey bars played a very important role in the diet of the pre-reservation Havasupai.

177 While the crop assemblage has remained approximately the same
241 as that of the previous period, the farming methods have changed considerably. For example, a tractor is now used in the canyon to plow the fields. It was packed down the narrow trails piece by piece, as was the electric power plant which supplies current to the school and other government buildings.

177 The big flood of 1910, which washed out most of the farms and
943 homes of the canyon, brought from the government relief in the form
648 of small wooden frame houses. Indirectly, this caused the extinction of the talus top granary. After the flood the old brush dwellings were rebuilt and the new frame houses were used for storage, since they were supposedly too cold in the winter and too hot in the summer for living purposes. A few individuals, however, have adopted the plan of the frame house and have built stone houses, using modern techniques. This form may become the common dwelling of the future.

177 The suspension of crematory activities also began soon after the
765 government invaded the canyon. The old pattern was gradually re-
648 placed by the extended burial, which is universally practiced today.

174 The acculturation of the Havasupai, which is by no means complete,
177 took place first by the diffusion of traits into the canyon through the Hopi and Walapai, then by the selected introduction of white culture through the government workers, and finally by individual contact with whites at the Grand Canyon National Park village and elsewhere. These processes have increasingly accelerated the change of an aboriginal people to potentially full-time participants in Anglo culture and society.

University of Oklahoma,
Norman, Oklahoma.

8:Service E-5 (1946) 1947
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planted stand in the fields and rot or are destroyed. These things are so clearly his that it seems disgraceful that anyone else should consider using them after he is dead. The land, however, is not so closely associated with the man who uses it. He can plant on it whatever he chooses, but has no right to dispose of it as he sees fit without consulting his relatives, and additionally, the opinion of the whole closely integrated community is an important factor influencing any decision he may wish to make.

Tribal government is vested in the three native chiefs who are now permanent members of the council created by the Indian Office, but the chiefs and the council exercise little authority, although they are encouraged to do so. Problems of inheritance and land rights, if not solved by the family, are usually argued out and settled by general public opinion, or in extreme cases of non-agreement are carried to the Government Agent as a last resort. For several years the Indian Office has encouraged the Havasupai to make legal statements and wills which would settle the disputes so often attending redistribution of land after a death. These attempts were, of course, based on the assumption that the Havasupai men owned their land as we own ours. That this assumption was not accurate,[5] however, is attested by the fact that in most of the few cases on record, the wills were disputed, and the land was finally redistributed according to the usual complex pattern which pays little or no attention to any perverse notions of the previous occupant.

When Prince Wodo was a feeble old man, he wanted to turn his land over to Lemuel Paya and Henry Hanna, who had been caring for him. Henry was a cousin, and Lemuel was a more distant relative by marriage. Wodo's daughter Lily, and his niece Katie, who had not taken any responsibility for his care, were left out. They started a fuss which became quite bitter. It is said that the old man was so upset that he locked himself in his house, set fire to it, and burned to death. Katie and Lily divided the land. The inheritance pattern which justified this will be discussed below; suffice it at present to note that even in this dramatic situation, Prince Wodo had no voice in the disposition of the land which he had worked all his life.

It should be apparent from the above discussion that familial rights outrank individual rights. As mentioned before, however, the fact of disputes and

Complex of the Pueblos (in *Essays in Anthropology Presented to A. L. Kroeber*, pp. 229-232, Berkeley, 1936).

5 This is not said as stricture, and furthermore it does not apply to Mr Noble O. Guthrie, the present sub-agent in charge at Supai. He has made a sincere effort to understand the ways of the Indians, and has achieved considerable success. I am extremely indebted to him for his interest and coöperation.

THE HAVASUPAIS, PEOPLE OF CATARACT CANYON[1]

Richard Emerick

The American Southwest is known the world over for its unique, colorful, almost frightening beauty and there is no more awe-inspiring part of it than the Grand Canyon country in northern Arizona. Here, in the past ten million years or so, the Colorado River and some of its tributaries have carved a mile-deep wonderland into the Kaibab Plateau. The place is a network of canyons with the majestic Grand Canyon itself at its center. Nearly all of these gorges are being cut by intermittent streams born of the melting snows and summer cloudbursts. Therefore, throughout most of the year the floors of nearly all of them are dry and desert-like. One of these chasms, however, is richly green, for through it, from an inexhaustible source, flows a small but bounteous stream. This oasis is called Cataract Canyon and it has been the home of the Havasupai Indians for hundreds of years.

In historic times, at least, the Havasupais have certainly lived where they do now—in and around Cataract Canyon. The early Spanish records make frequent reference to such people as the Coninas, Cosninos and Coconinos living in this same region. There is every reason to believe that many of these references, by names which are corruptions of a Hopi expression for their western neighbors, were to the Havasupais. The legends of these people, when correlated with what is known of the pre-Columbian history of the southwest, indicates that they have inhabited the Grand Canyon country since perhaps as early as 800 A.D.

The first positive record of the Havasupais was made by the Franciscan missionary, Padre Francisco Tomas Garces, who, on June 20th, 1776, was guided into Cataract Canyon by a party of Walapais. His diary tells us that the people he found there were extremely friendly and, in fact, they attended him so royally and fed him so well that he remained five days.

[1] I wish to extend my thanks to the Anthropology Department of the University of Pennsylvania for financial assistance with research in the summer of 1953.

181 and winningly. It would not be an overstatement to call these people easy-going. Unpleasantness arises occasionally here as it does wherever human animals live together, but in Supai it seems of a less offensive nature. It is peaceful place where people are loathe to interfere in each other's affairs, yet ready to help when asked.

101 Leslie Spier once pointed out that culturally the Havasupais are closely associated with the tribes of the Great Basin. This is especially true of the material, economic and the social aspects of the culture. At the same time, these people are primarily agriculturalists like their eastern neighbors, the Pueblos. This places them in a distinctly intermediate cultural position.

221 In aboriginal times, when the tribe was often smaller than it is today,
[161] early spring found the Havasupais returning to Cataract Canyon from the plateau where they had spent the winter hunting and gathering piñon nuts and other wild seeds. The spring planting was done and the dirt covers on their houses repaired. It was at this time that much of the food, which had been dried and stored the year before, was eaten.

[361] During the summer everyone lived in the canyon, though trading
[439] expeditions were often sent out to neighboring tribes. When the corn
[527] and peaches ripened in September, the harvest was taken in and a dance
[648] held to which Walapais, Navajos, and Hopis were invited.

221 By the middle of October an exodus of families and groups of families
361 began and within a month the entire population moved up to the cedar thickets on the plateau where semi-permanent camps were established and once more the winter activities began. This annual cycle has changed considerably, however, in the past half-century.

177 The food-getting economy of today is no longer divided between the
221 spring and summer agriculture and the hunting and gathering of fall and
241 winter. There is a concentration by both men and women on agriculture and remunerative employment on the plateau. This makes it possible for families to depend on food purchased from the store as well as that which they grow. The hunting and gathering aspect of their economic life has been nearly given up, making the seasonal migrations unnecessary. The
[361] village is now the center of activity throughout the year.

such items as Lucky Strikes, Carnation Milk and Tide washing soap are preferred. The new package cake mixes have been as much a boon to the women of Supai as they have to the women of Cincinnati.

In addition to running the store, the Tribal Council also appoints one of the tribal members to function as a "tourist manager." The Havasupais are well aware that their most valuable resource is the unmatched beauty of their canyon home and much effort has been put forth to develop a lively tourist trade. The tribe as a whole never seems to be able to get excited about the idea at the same time, however, and progress is slow. Tourist cabins have been under construction for the past three years and may perhaps be finished next year.

Since World War I and even before, each year has seen a number of white visitors come into the canyon. Until about the last decade, most of these outsiders were photographers, writers, prospectors, geologists, National Park officials and even a few anthropologists. They either camped near the falls below the village or stayed in one of the government buildings.

In more recent years, a few tourists include a trip to Supai in their visit to Grand Canyon. There is a travel agent in Los Angeles who has made it part of a packaged tour and Hiking Clubs and Boy Scout Troops visit it in droves.

Although visitors are free to walk in if they please, they are encouraged to use saddle and pack horses, for they must be rented from the tribe at reasonable but sizable fees. The women have put new energy into their basket-making and though theirs are not the finest to be found in the southwest, they are attractive enough to induce more than one tourist to buy.

With Supai receiving more attention in travel and vacation magazines and with the tourist cabins nearing completion, it is possible that the Havasupais' hope for more and more "paying guests" may be realized. When one visualizes this lovely spot as littered with beer bottles and gum wrappers, however, it is difficult to know whether to wish them good luck on their venture or not.

11: Shufeldt D-4 (no date) 1892
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175 Mr. Cushing's best account of these people, however, is published in another connection, wherein he relates how he made a long and dangerous journey from Moqui to the Supai Cañon.*

Following his description of hazardous descent into that fearful gorge, Cushing goes on to say in his article, that "the first Ha-va-su-pai I saw
[291] may be taken as a type of his race. But lightly clothed, a strange close head-band around his temples, he swiftly passed from one bush to another as we we emerged from the little grove. Below us stretched a
[133] green, moist plain of sandy soil, nearly two miles long by half a mile at its greatest width. We could catch only occasional glimpses of it through the rank growth of willows, the leaves of which everywhere brushed our heads as we rode along the river trail; these glimpses,
[241] however, revealed numerous cultivated fields of corn, beans, sunflowers, melons, peaches, apricots, and certain plants used in dyeing and basket making, and usually carefully protected by hedges of wattled willows
[312] or fences of cottonwood poles. Everywhere these fields were crossed and recrossed by a net work of irrigating canals and trails. Here and
[342] there were little cabins, or shelters, flat-roofed, dirt-covered, and closed in on three sides by wattled flags, canes, and slender branches, while the front was protected by a hedge like those of the fields, only taller, placed a few feet before the house, and between which and the house burned smoky fires."

"The houses were always nestled down among the thick willows
[361] bordering the river, or perched on some convenient shelf, under the shadows of the western precipice. In several places, within some of the great horizontal cracks of these western cliffs, and often high up, were little buildings of stone laid in mud plaster, and not unlike the cliff dwellings we had observed on the way down, and of which ruins exist in almost every cañon throughout the great southwest."

"When we again caught sight of our Kuhni, in a little opening near the trail, he was evidently uncertain whether to run forward and warn the tribe—whose voices, mingled with the barking of dogs and the murmuring of the river, could be heard below—of our coming, or wait to greet us. Finally, he shouted in a rapid, gurgling, soft sort of language, that the villagers were coming; and then, with sort of a questioning smile, turned toward us, keeping up a ceaseless gibberish, but eyeing me closely, and evidently thinking me the most curious member of the
114 175 party."

The only other facts of importance given in this narrative are that
[756] those Indians have their medicine men and use the "sweat house," a
[515] plan of treatment seen among many other tribes. They have a great
[231] number of dogs about their village, and many of the families are blessed with from five to six children. They are, so far as the writer is aware,
[648] upon excellent terms of friendship with the whites. I am not aware

*Cushing, Frank Hamilton. "The Nation of the Willows." The Atlantic Monthly, September, 1882, pp. 362-374. The quotation I make is from page 374.

101 their immediate neighbors were, before their removal to the San Carlos agencies, the Apache Mojaves and Apache Yumas. Both, in common with the Hua-la-pai, their relatives by blood and tongue, were formerly their inveterate enemies. The Hua-la-pai now remain nominally neutral, although occasionally aggressive and thieving. Further to the north were the Utes; to the west, the Chemehuevas; to the southwest, the Mojaves, Pimas, Maricopas, and Coco Maricopas; to the south, the White Mountain Apaches. These were the only tribes they knew, with the exception of their distant eastern neighbors, the Moquis and Zuñis, and the still more distant Navajos and Pueblos of the Rio Grande. Separated from the Ha-va-su-pai by the terrible waterless wastes I have described, the Moquis and Zuñis have nevertheless been their constant visitors for generations. Doubtless, the latter guided Coronado's lieutenant to the great cañon, which turned him southward to new sufferings and discoveries. Certain it is that the Ha-va-su-pai have been vaguely spoken of by the name of the Coçoninos by the Spaniards, and their descendants the Mexicans.

175 It was not until the expeditions of Captain Sitgreaves and Lieutenant Ives were undertaken, some thirty years ago, that anything came to be definitely known of the Coçoninos. Sitgreaves tells of the theft of some mules from his party by a band of "Cosninos;" and a daring doctor of the Ives expedition, almost famished for want of water, records how he nearly lost his life in attempting to descend a ladder, on the western trail, which, breaking, precipitated him several feet upon a rock-shelf, whence he was drawn up by his companions with a rope improvised from the straps of their packs. He saw, far below, some Indians, he says, and smoke from their huts. But the first white man who tells us anything of their actual home lives only as the nameless char-

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175 acter of a frontier and Indian tradition; a strange adventurer he, who, possibly
● 648 in search of mineral treasure, was driving about the Colorado Plateau in a buckboard, the remains of which may yet be seen, it is said, at the head of the eastern trail. Lost and nearly exhausted, he sought water and refuge in the cañon, and came upon the Ha-va-su-paí village; he narrowly escaped with his life, to tell his tale only to incredulous frontiersmen, and then to pass out of knowledge.

Some six or seven years ago, a party of prospectors, three in number, headed by the adventuresome Mooney, penetrated the cañon, in search of mineral. *Mooney's survivors*, unable to reach his body, returned to Prescott to tell the story, not only of their comrade's death, but also of the mineral riches they had discovered, and of the strange people, whom they called "Su-pais," that they had seen. An article in the Arizona Miner, narrating these things, caused other visits of prospectors to this country. The Mormons attracted by their characteristic zeal for the conversion of Indians, made an expedition to the cañon, under the leadership of the celebrated Lee. The Indians received the little band of Saints suspiciously, and listened gravely to their preaching; then, rising, escorted them to the trail leading out of the cañon, and directed them on their way, but assured them that their visit might be repeated only under penalty of death.

648 The attention of General O. B. Wil-
657 cox, commander of the Department of Arizona, having been drawn to the Ha-va-su-paí by the reports of prospectors and others, he feared disturbance for their lands, as well as for the safety of citizens visiting them; and, with characteristic kindness, he secured for them in 1880 the declaration of a reservation. He organized a cavalry expedition to survey this reservation during the season of my visit. This, under command of

12: Cushing E-5 (1881) 1882
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

Colonel Price, of the sixth cavalry, accompanied by Lieutenant Carl F. Palfrey, Corps of Engineers, and Major Elliot Coues, surgeon and naturalist, preceded me by only six or seven days. The commanding officer made a brief report to the Department; Lieutenant Palfrey, unable to surmount the difficulties of surveying, sent an admirable map of the cañon, with some suggestions, to the Indian Office; and Dr. Coues furnished a brief description of his visit and of the people to various Eastern papers. These accounts, based upon an actual visit of only a few hours, are short and imperfect, but they are all that have thus far ever been given to the world concerning the home of the *Nation of the Willows*.

Having heard, during the winter of 1880, from the Zuñis — of which nation I am a member — of a people so remarkable, whom they regarded as their younger brothers, it was with a mingled desire for adventure, priority of description, and to supplement my Zuñi investigations that I undertook, after invitation from that distant country-folk, the long journey I have recorded; and, with the freedom of intercourse which resulted from my position with the Zuñis and Moquis, as well as the advantages of having, as interpreter, Pu-la-ká-kai, — whose language I spoke readily, — I was able to learn many things which would otherwise have remained, perhaps, unknown, and which I shall attempt quite fully, though concisely, to record.

In perfection of muscular physique, the Ha-va-su-paí men approach the Caucasian race more nearly than the majority of North American Indians. They are, however, below the average stature, rather broad shouldered and full chested, with long and strong arms, and small hands hardened and short-nailed from work. Their backs are broad and straight, and waists small, corpulency being unknown or very rare with the sex. Their hams, thighs, and legs are

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643 war parties, and condemns criminals,
793 but also prays, offering sacrifices toward securing rain, propitious seasons, and success in the chase for his children, as he terms his nation. He receives, contrary to the Pueblo practice, tithes for
[651 his offices, and is usually as wealthy as
556] any member of the tribe, although by no means exempted from labor in the field or the hunt. Neither he nor his sub-chiefs wear insignia of rank about their persons, so far as I could discover.

643 The present head chief, Ko-hót, is nicknamed Navajo. He is a man of the
[551] most wonderful character. His portrait in profile, as I look upon it, and to the sketching of which he submitted with ease and pleasure, bears a remarkable likeness to Washington. I cannot forbear giving two instances of his judgment, which exemplify his fine sense of justice, but at the same time his unrelenting will, in any measure, however
643 severe, for the good of his own people. When the Apache Mojaves were moved
692 by government to San Carlos, one of
●648 them, discontented, returned through his former country, and after great suffering reached the home of the Ha-va-supaí. He expressed his wish to live with the latter people to the end of his days. Ko-hót convened a council, and after long and fair deliberation concluded that it would be offensive to the Americans should he be harbored, and endanger his own people, leading ultimately, perhaps, to their removal as well. He therefore informed the Apache that, notwithstanding he was a member of a nation of enemies, he felt for him, but could give him the choice of but two alternatives, — return to San Carlos, or death. The Apache, hoping Ko-hót would relent, replied that die he might, but re-
[696 turn to San Carlos he never would. Ko-hót arose, then and there, without one more word, and struck him dead.

643 When the officers of the cavalry ex-
623 pedition called a council, and told Ko-
657 hót that their mission was to determine

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521 461 about the fire, and the visitor is scarcely distinguishable from the hostess, as she shares with her all duties in which the latter may be engaged. So also, when at work in the fields, the women are prone to gather in busy little groups, where their talk and merriment, free from the restraint of the men, are louder than about the household fire.

857 The children are always boisterously at play, the girls with the boys, and are touchingly affectionate toward one another. The youth gather on level spots and run races, or play games of chance by the hour. They are fond of displaying themselves on horseback; two, sometimes even three, mounting some little pony, and wildly galloping up and down the paths which thread the cornfields where the women and girls are at work. They improve their marksmanship and gain local celebrity, vying with one another in firing at the marks of nature's hand about the great cliffs of their subterranean home.

623 643 Councils among the members of the tribe are incessant, though very rarely attended by the chiefs in a body, and never, save on occasions of the utmost gravity, by the head chief, Ko-hót.

● 648 609 643 As illustrative of this, I may give the following example: When I entered the cañon, warned of the characteristics of the Ha-va-su-paí by Pu-lá-ka-kai, I made a rule, in the first council, that any trade sealed by the customary hand-shake and "*a-há-ni-ga*," or "thanks," should be regarded as final. During one of the four [439] days of our stay, Pu-lá-ka-kai traded one of his jades for a quantity of things, among which was a famously large buckskin. The next morning, the evil-looking, one-eyed fellow who had purchased the horse returned to trade back, or have the difference split by a return of the buckskin. Pu-lá-ka-kai asked my permission, and I tersely refused. The man went away, soon coming back with a noisy, low-browed crowd, which increased in size and noisiness, until, to-

[P.554B] ½ [i.e., horse. -Analyst]

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643

ward evening, it was like bedlam about the hut of my still neutral host. Finally a sub-chief advanced, and told me I must consent to a re-trade. I declined. He then begged me, and my Indians, alarmed, became importunate. Still I refused. Pu-lá-ka-kai pointed to a scar over his eyebrow, which he wore, he said, in remembrance of a former proceeding of the kind, and once more implored me, for the sake of his and Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa's wives and children, to consent. Now and then a man would leave, presently returning with a gun carelessly strapped over his shoulder, and I saw that things were growing serious; but I remained obdurate, paying no apparent attention to my own arms, yet seeing that they were within easy reach. After a little while, I suddenly drew one of the two revolvers in my belt, sheathed it again, and, stepping over to the discontented, one-eyed scoundrel, grabbed him by the arms, and ejected him from the premises. Immense excitement prevailed, but I quietly went back with a smile to my writing. The head chief was summoned. He came, gravely, through the babbling crowd, eating a kind of cake of corn-meal and sunflower seeds. I rose, and greeted him pleasantly, spreading a blanket for him to sit on; and as he sat down, with a smile, he broke the cake in two, handing me the larger piece. I began to explain my writing to him, and, after conversing a little while, he said, "I am about to go. You observe that I am never to be found in crowds of those who wrangle and gossip. It makes a father sad to see the foolishness of his children. It fills me with thoughts to see my people make fools of themselves, to hear them make meaningless noise; therefore I stay away from them. When they have anything to *say* to me, or you wish to *see* me, my hut stands under the cottonwoods, down by the river, and my fields are in front of it." Without a word in reference to our

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648 trouble, without so much as a well-directed glance at the heated crowd, he
609 went away as he had come, a picture of
643 imperturbable dignity and gravity. The wranglers, in the most shamefaced manner, gave up alike their dispute and its object.

609 The coming stranger is heralded by
574 the first observer, the chief waiting at his own house to receive him or his embassy. Any hut at which he first alights, even though the poorest, is almost sacredly regarded as his home. The inmates flock out, however suspiciously they may regard him, remove the saddles and packs from his animals, arrange them around the sides of the dwelling, invite him to enter, seat him on the best blanket or robe, and immediately improvise a meal for him, offering him, meanwhile, a drink of fresh water. During his wanderings about the village, wherever he may enter, he will almost surely find some one eating, even though it be late at night, and he will invariably be invited to partake.

576 On meeting a stranger or a long-ab-
574 sent friend, the Ha-va-su-paí grasps him
[609] by the hand, moving it up and down in time to the words of his greeting; and, as he lets go, lifts his own hollow palm toward his mouth, then, with a sudden and graceful motion, passes it down over his heart. As an evidence of confidence in a newly-made friend, a Ha-va-su-paí will sometimes give to him that whereby, in the native belief, even the giver's life may be taken through sorcery, — a hair, a bit of his skin, or a piece of his finger-nail, — this being an inviolable contract of peace and mutual regard. Several of these hairs lie among my notes, as less pleasant than pathetic mementos of such regard. Indeed, a number of my own locks are doubtless still cherished in sundry medicine bags, hanging from the wattled walls of my homes in Ha-va-su-paí-gidri. One poor, aged fellow, observing me trim my nails one day, carefully gathered the cuttings to-

535 a few rude shuffles, half religious, half social — are neither representative nor picturesque, as are the cachinas or kâkâs of the Pueblos. "We know of these things," said Ko-hót, "but we are the children of the Coyote, and he did not teach our fathers to make themselves happy or prosperous by such means; therefore, our fathers did not teach us."

181 674 The Ha-va-su-paí have, among themselves, few of the crimes which destroy the peace of most nations. A great family in a single house, they have learned to do to others as they would be done by; not as a golden rule, — ah, no! — but as a policy. They are virtuous, and, although base liars, are honest in the use of property to an incredible extent. Not the smallest possession of another is ever appropriated by one of them, and a button or insignificant bead, lost in the sands, would invariably be brought to me, if found by either child or staggering grayhead. The parents are excessively fond of their children, and the latter, though wild and independent, and never corrected by cross word or sharp blow, are remarkably obedient.

[855 861] ● 648 721 They are not so fair-dealing toward the enemy. Ko-hót told me, with strange frankness, that a few years ago his people joined other Indians in war against the whites, and, regarding them as enemies, stole horses and cattle from them whenever they could, bringing them down into the cañon, where they either sacrificed them or killed and ate them. "But," he added, "the time has come when I see this is wrong, and my people will listen to me when I tell them to smile on the *Hai-ko* [American], to ask him to eat, and to let his poorest or most tempting possession lie in the place it has been laid in; for has not the Hai-ko given to my children the hard metal and the rich garments you see all around you? [This with a proud wave of the hand toward the array of worn-out clothing in the council, and a down-

648 177

ward glance at his own threadbare soldier coat and well-patched breeches.] I am young [he was nearly fifty], but am I not old enough to remember how my people dug the soil with wooden hoes, or cut the poles of their cabins with stone axes, and skinned the deer with a knife of flint? No; I take the father of the Land of Sunrise [Washington] by the hand, and my father of the Land of Sunset [General Wilcox] do I grasp by the hand, that we may look one upon another with smiling faces."

The worship of the Ha-va-su-paí consists of prayers, made during their smokes, or at the hunting shrines, which are merely groups of rude pictographs along nooks or caves in the walls of the cañon. Here, seated on the ground, the worshiper blows smoke to the north, west, south, and east, upward and downward; then says, in a low tone, some simple prayer, only one of which, addressed to the spirit of the Deer-god, I was able to record: —

"Let it rain, that grass may grow for the deer.
Go not away, O deer, from my arrows and weapons.
Thou art ours; by thee do we live.
Go not away, but remain to minister to our wants, to accept of my sacrifices."

The Ha-va-su-paí believes that the source of his river is sacred and pure; that polluted by the touch of man it would cease to give forth its waters, and the rocks of the cañon would close forever together.

Ko-hót told me, one morning, the following beautiful story of the origin and history of his nation: —

"When the world was new it was covered with waters, save where a single mountain peak to the north looked out above their surface. Here, alone, wandered the great Coyote. Mankind lived in the four dark cave-plains of earth, below this mountain, until, under the guidance of a great cacique, they journeyed up from one to the other, and were finally led out into the light of the

The /99 cont./
131 inaccessibility of their cañon home has tended to keep them
177 immune from outside influences, so that in many ways their
342 life is still delightfully primitive. Their typical dwelling consists of a framework covered with brush or tule and sometimes with an outer covering of earth. In summer a four-post brush shelter is erected, which affords protection from the sun and allows free circulation of air.

262 The agave plant, cut and prepared in much the same way as by the Apache, has always been an important article of food among these people. Other native vegetal foods are grass seeds
224 and piñon nuts. From time immemorial the Havasupai have
[221] been hunters. On the approach of winter they left the cañon for the upper levels, built wickiups of boughs and bark, and spent the cold season in hunting. Deer were the principal game, although they killed some mountain sheep and an occasional black
[251] bear. Much of the venison was cut in thin strips and dried for
237 summer use. Deerskin dressed by the Havasupai was considered
281 the best by all neighboring tribes; consequently, it not only
[439] furnished clothing, but was an important medium of barter. But the life of the Havasupai has changed. Game is scarce, and
177 224 the Government does not willingly grant them permission to
● 648 hunt on the surrounding mesas, hence there is little wonder that the wrinkled veterans long for the old days when game was plentiful and they hunted where they would. "Now all is changed," they say. "We cannot go out of the cañon without asking the white man. We dare not hunt deer, as the game must be saved for the Háiko. We are no longer men; we are like little children; we must always ask Washington!"

241 262 Corn is now their chief staple, besides which they raise beans, squashes, melons, pumpkins, sunflowers, peaches, apricots,
171 and figs. They prepare corn in countless ways, corresponding
252 largely to those of the Hopi. In fact, the modes of preparing corn by all tribes of /100/ the Southwest are much the same. Much of the crop is allowed to ripen on the stalk; this is later ground into meal on the metate. Quantities of green corn are harvested, roasted in large pits with the husks on, and hung to dry. This may be ground or simply shelled and cooked, either alone or with beans, meat, and dried squash. Like the figs, their